In Press.

WALTER IN JERUSALEM.
WALTER IN THE NORTH COUNTRY
WALTER IN DAMASCUS.
WALTER IN CONSTANTINOPLE.
WALTER IN ATHENS.

ARRIVAL IN EGYPT.

WALTER'S TOUR IN THE EAST.

BY

DANIEL C. EDDY, D. D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE PERCY FAMILY."

WALTER IN EGYPT.

"Mysterious Egypt! Time's quaking tread
Has levelled down thy domes and capitals,
And shook thy very temple to its base."

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PREFACE.

THIS series of books, six in number, will describe the visit of a company of young tourists to the most interesting and sacred spots on earth. Such incidents will be recited, and such facts presented, as will interest and instruct boys and girls, and give even adult minds some idea of the romantic East. The aim of the author is to impart permanent benefit, as well as to amuse and please the reader.

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WALTER'S TOUR IN THE EAST.

ORDER OF THE VOLUMES.

WALTER IN EGYPT.
WALTER IN JERUSALEM.
WALTER IN THE NORTH COUNTRY.
WALTER IN DAMASCUS.
WALTER IN CONSTANTINOPLE.
WALTER IN ATHENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE STORY.

WALTER: *a Lad from Cambridge.*

MINNIE: *his Sister.*

HARRY ST. CLAIR: *a Schoolfellow.*

MR. AND MRS. PERCY: *Parents of Walter and Minnie.*

MOHAMMED ACHMET: *an Egyptian Dragoman.*

Several Gentlemen travelling in the East.

WALTER IN EGYPT.

CHAPTER I.

MAKING ARRANGEMENTS.

THE snow lay deep upon the hills of New England, and the cold blasts of winter whistled through the valleys of the old Bay State. In the metropolis, the tramways were covered with ice, and the jaunty cars were laid aside. The brisk, handsome lads covered their ears with soft, warm fur, and blew their hands as if they were hot, as they coasted on the Common, which is so beautiful, either clad in the green garb of summer, or robed in the white mantle of winter. The girls were coaxing unwilling papas for skates wherewith to enjoy the wild sport of Jamaica Pond; and the little fellows, too small to skate or coast, were frolicking in the fleecy snow. At the season of the year thus indicated, the family of Peter Percy were assembled one evening in their suburban home, that looked like a marble palace as the pale moon cast her beams upon its

snow-wreathed front. Out through the crystal panes flashed the cheerful beams of light, while within, gathered beneath the massive chandelier, were as merry a group and as happy a family as could be found in the land. Mr. Percy held his newspaper in his hand, and now and then would read a paragraph to his wife, who sat by, engaged upon a piece of embroidery. Walter was having a simple game with Harry St. Clair, and the changes of fortune from side to side often caused boisterous merriment. Minnie was puzzling her brain over a hard lesson in arithmetic, the recitation of which, the next day, she knew would have an important bearing upon her standing in her class. At length the game between the boys was finished, and Walter, starting up, asked, —

"Father, do you remember the promise you made me?"

"What promise, my son?"

"Now, have you forgotten?"

"Unless you tell me what the promise was, and where it was made, I cannot say whether I have forgotten it or not."

"Do you not remember being in Cologne two summers since, looking out upon the Rhine?"

"Yes."

"And there you promised me that in two years you would take me to Egypt and Palestine?"

"Ah, Walter, you have a good memory."

"I always remember such promises as that."

"Well, do you wish to go this year?"

"Oh, I would like to go any time."

"So should I," exclaimed Minnie, looking up from her school-book.

"I have not been unmindful of my promise, children," said Mr. Percy. "I have been thinking of the subject for weeks, and have found two or three gentlemen who would like to make the tour."

"Oh, delightful!" cried Minnie.

"When shall we go?" asked Walter.

"I cannot tell just when, but I think about the first of April, if at all."

"Oh, now, Pa, don't begin to back down," said Minnie.

"We will see about that. Mr. Tenant wishes to go, Mr. Allston, the young rector of the church in the next town, Mr. Dunnallan, the gentleman whom you have seen here once or twice of late, and Dr. Forrestall, our excellent physician, all propose to join the party."

"Glorious," cried Walter clapping his hands.

"Why did you not tell us this before?" asked the daughter.

"Because I did not wish to have your heads full of the subject, and so spoil your studies this winter."

"But mamma does not seem surprised at all," said Minnie.

"I knew it long ago," said the lady; "and am going with you, my children."

"Good, good!" they both cried at once.

"We have arranged that Charlie shall stay with his Aunt Hester, and that the house shall be left in the care of our trusty servants; and that I shall go with you the whole, or a part of the journey."

"Oh, I am so glad, Mother," screamed Minnie.

"I should not be willing that my little girl should go so far away without me."

"Your little girl!" said Minnie, reproachfully.

All this time, Harry St. Clair, who, it will be remembered was a young correspondent while our travellers were in Europe, sat listening with intense interest, catching every word that was uttered, and seeming to be absorbed in the conversation. He had listened hour after hour to the recitals of Walter and his sister, and often, when they had anticipated the pleasure of visiting Palestine, he had resolved to go with them.

"Mr. Percy!" at length he exclaimed abruptly.

"What say, Harry, I had almost forgotten that you were present?"

"May I go with you?"

"You?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I don't know!"

"Why may I not?"

"Would your father allow it?"

"I think he would, for he told me after you went away before, that if he had thought of the benefit it would be to me, he would have made arrangements for me to have gone then."

"I hardly know what to say."

"Say yes."

"Oh do, Pa," cried Minnie.

"Well, Harry can ask his father, and if Mr. St. Clair consents, I have no objections."

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" enthusiastically shouted Harry, almost overturning the table in his joyfulness.

The matter being settled thus far, Harry ran home and found his father, who consented that his son should go with the party, provided Mr. Percy would be careful to keep him out of mischief. The next morning, before the Percy family were up, he was at their door, ringing the bell and thumping for admittance. Walter heard the noise, and putting his head out of the window saw Harry on the steps.

"Heigho, Harry!"

"All right, Walter; father says I may go, if your father will keep me out of mischief."

"A hard job he will have."

"No, I will do first-rate."

A few weeks after this, Mr. Percy announced to his children that the party was formed; and in addition to those mentioned, Mr. Butterworth, a banker, who had devoted himself to business for years; and Mr. Damrell, a retired gentleman, would accompany them, making seven, besides Mrs. Percy and the children.

"What shall we have to carry?" asked Walter.

"For a Syrian tour," replied his father, "we need to dress somewhat different from the style we adopted on our European journey."

"Shall we find the weather warm?"

"Yes, and we shall want more protection from the sun, though we need not take such articles from this country; we can find them in the East."

"I would like to get all my clothing before I start."

"You can do so. To-morrow, if you wish, you can go to your tailor, and have him make for you a suit of drab, or gray woollen cloth."

"Woollen?"

"Yes."

"Why not of some thin cloth."

"Woollen is a non-conductor of heat, and prevents sudden changes in the temperature of the body, and often saves the traveller from the Syrian fever."

"What shall I get for my head?"

"A light felt hat."

"How I shall look in that!"

"Well, you must have it, as your cap would not protect your eyes from the sun. When in Syria, you must wind several folds of muslin around the hat, to keep the heat from the head."

"It must be terrible hot to need such precautions against it."

"No, it is the burning sun, and not the intensity of the heat against which you must guard."

"How high does the thermometer go in Syria?"

"I can only tell you what Dr. Robinson says."

"What is that?"

"Speaking of his sojourn in Jerusalem, he says, that from April 14 to May 6, the thermometer ranged at sunrise from 44° to 64°, and at two P. M. from 60° to 79°. This last degree of heat was felt during a sirocco, April 30. From the 10th to the 13th of June, at Jerusalem, we had at sunrise a range of from 56° to 74°, and, at two P. M., once 86°, with a strong north-west wind; yet the air was fine and the heat not burdensome. The nights are uniformly cool, often with a heavy dew."

"Oh, that is not very hot."

"No, we should not think it was in this country."

"Perhaps Robinson was there in a cold time, and we shall find it much hotter at the same seasons."

"I think not, for Schubert gives the average range during the hottest part of summer at 23° to 24° Réaumur, or 84° to 86° Fahrenheit."

"What do you mean by Réaumur and Fahrenheit?" asked Harry St. Clair, who was present during this conversation.

"Can you tell him, Walter?" asked Mr. Percy.

"No, Sir; except that they were two men who invented different thermometers."

"That is so."

"In what did the thermometers differ?" asked the two boys at once.

"Why, Réaumur was a French philosopher, who invented a thermometer which bears his name, and is used mostly in France. Taking as the extremes, freezing and boiling, he divided the interval into eighty degrees, or eighty equal parts. Fahrenheit was a German, who made the thermometer we use, and which differs from the other in the scale into which it is divided, and also in several other particulars."

"I will remember that, Mr. Percy," said Harry. "When I have travelled with you

a year, I shall know as much as Walter does. My father never explains anything to me."

"Shall we carry arms?" asked Walter.

"*We* carry arms!" exclaimed Minnie with a smile.

"Yes, *we!* Why not?"

"Because you would not be able to fire off anything."

"The gentlemen of the party will carry revolvers perhaps," said Mr. Percy; "but you two boys will need nothing of the kind."

"Let me carry a pistol without powder," said Walter.

"Yes," added Harry, "that will make us look as if we were armed."

"We can see about that when the time comes."

In many a conversation like this were the evenings spent preparatory to the time of sailing. Walter and Minnie read several large works on Palestine, and obtained much valuable information about the lands they were to visit. A new trunk was bought for each of them, the passports were obtained, and the tickets for the steamer were purchased. Mr. Percy allowed the children to do all the business, and make all the arrangements, his plan being to give Walter practical instruction in business life, and prepare him somewhat for the position in which he would be placed in after-years.

Minnie went into Boston, and had a long conversation with a lady who awhile before had made a Syrian tour, and derived from her many useful hints, and much profitable knowledge. It had already been arranged that she should accompany the party only through a part of the tour, but she hoped to persuade her father that she could endure the fatigue of the whole excursion.

Harry St. Clair was wild with joy. He kept talking about the East all day long. At night he sat up long after all the members of the family were asleep, reading useful books on Syria and Egypt, and plagued his father every time he entered the house, by asking questions about places, of which the old gentleman, who was far more given to money-making than to literary pursuits, knew nothing. A brace of revolvers were presented to him by a friend, and he became quite expert in target-shooting, and when his mother, a poor, nervous woman, would remonstrate against the use of such weapons, he would tell her he had cast fifty bullets to carry with him, and each one of them was good for an Arab. So far did the rash, thoughtless boy work upon her fears, that the poor woman began to think she should never see her son again; while his father only laughed at him, and declared that he would trust Harry anywhere. He was like many other parents who

think they can trust their children anywhere, and with this false conviction, give them up to be spoiled by the temptations of the world. God never designed a man to walk without His guidance, nor a child to go alone without parental advice and care. Mr. Percy and his neighbor Mr. St. Clair represent two classes of parents, often found, who have very different ideas of what they owe to their children.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT WE SAW IN GOING OVER.

It was on the third day of April that the party started from Boston. The snow was deep upon the earth; it hung from the branches of the trees, festooned the houses, wreathed the glittering sign-boards, metamorphosed the public buildings, ornamented the telegraphic wires, the tall chimneys, and the tapering steeples, and lent an indescribable charm to every object on which the eye rested.

The steamship Canada was anchored about a mile from the landing, and a little tug took the passengers out to her. It was a great relief to the ladies of the party when they reached the side of the Canada. The tug rolled so fearfully that they were already quite sea-sick, and were very glad to step on the firm deck of the mighty vessel which was to bear them across the ocean.

Mrs. Percy and Minnie at once went to their state-rooms, but the boys remained on deck until they became chilled with cold, gazing on the city which became every moment more indistinct in

the distance. When the last glimpse of the State House and the tall monument had been obtained, they both went into the saloon, where many of the passengers were congregated.

"I begin to feel it," said Harry, after they had been seated on the divan for a few minutes.

"Feel what?" inquired Walter.

"Oh, I don't know; sea-sickness, I suppose."

"Then you had better go into your state-room."

Harry rose to go, but was so faint and dizzy that he could hardly stand, and Mr. Tenant coming along at the moment, helped him to his berth, where he was sick until the steamer reached Halifax, which was about sunrise on Friday morning.

When land appeared, sea-sickness vanished, and the children were all eager for a run on the shore, and as soon as the vessel reached the pier, they sprang out, and in two hours had explored the whole place. Even Minnie climbed the high hill on which the fortification is built, and Mrs. Percy moved so nimbly that her husband was out of breath. But the two hours for which they had permission to leave the ship were quickly exhausted, and they returned, and were soon steaming away from Halifax.

The voyage proved a long and tedious one, but the travellers managed to enjoy it. Minnie

was one of the most lively of the company, and was an immense favorite. Harry was rather disliked by the passengers until they became acquainted with him, and found out how noble a soul he had concealed beneath his somewhat rough and neglected manners. Mrs. Percy, by her quiet dignity and kindness, won the affections of all, while Walter was treated as *a man*, so superior did he seem to boys of his age.

One evening the whole party were together in the saloon, conversing gayly on what they expected to see, when Mr. Percy said,—

"Walter, you are now old enough to appreciate the tour you are taking."

"Yes, Sir; I am now fourteen years of age."

"How old are you, Harry?"

"Nearly fifteen, Sir."

"And Minnie is twelve."

"Yes, Pa, and as lively as Walter and Harry together," answered the little girl.

"Lively enough, certainly, but not always as thoughtful as you might be."

"Well, Pa, I shall be as thoughtful as Walter, when I arrive at his age."

"You may be as wild as I am," replied Harry.

"I leave you," said Mr. Percy, "very much to your own resources, anxious that in early life you may learn its lessons of experience.

You cannot begin to observe men and things too early. There is no study of books that will compensate for the want of knowledge of life as it is."

"I am studying and thinking all the time," said Harry, "and I don't see why I do not know as much as Walter."

"Perhaps," remarked Dr. Forrestall, who overheard the conversation, "you do not study in the right direction. The difference between you, Harry, and Walter, is, that what he knows is systematized and well arranged in his mind, while you have learned without system. Some one has said that it is not the quantity, but the quality of knowledge which determines the mind's dignity."

"I think that is so, for I have observed that Walter can say just what he wants to, and at just the right time, while I have to stop and think, and adjust my thoughts."

"I'll tell you what I think," said Minnie.

"What, Minnie?" asked Harry.

"Why, Walter's head is just like the post-office."

"Just like the post-office?"

"Yes."

The gentlemen laughed.

"How is my head like the post-office?" asked Walter.

"Yes, tell us how!" exclaimed Harry.

"In the post-office are boxes for letters. Those directed to persons whose names begin with A are put in one box. Those that begin with B have another box, and so on to the end of the alphabet."

"What has that to do with Walter's head?"

"Just this. Walter's head is"—

"Oh, nonsense, Min! Stop, and let older people talk," said Walter.

"No; go on, Minnie, we want to hear," said Mr. Dunnallan, who sat by.

"Walter's head is all divided up into little cubby-holes, and when he gets an idea he puts it into one of them, and there it lies until he wants it, and when the time comes he can take it down and use it."

"What is your head like, Min?" asked Walter.

"I don't know."

"I do."

"What?"

"Why, like the top-drawer of Uncle Winthrop's old bureau."

"Hum."

"Hum or not, it is true."

"What drawer is that, Walter?" asked Harry.

"The top-drawer of Uncle Winthrop's old bureau is called the"—

"Bah!" exclaimed Minnie.

"Is called the 'rummage drawer,' and you can find anything there, but nothing is in order, and lots of things are piled in promiscuously together."

A hearty laugh greeted this description of Minnie's head, who retorted by saying that she would rather her head should be like a "rummage drawer" than like a bureau full of empty pigeon-holes. This conversation led to the importance of studying and observing systematically, and the children derived many valuable hints from their older friends.

The voyage was long, but the time was occupied by pleasant reading, profitable conversations in the saloon, games on deck, and in various other ways. Harry became acquainted with every officer and seaman, with all the stewards and cooks, and became familiar with the management of the ship, asking questions of everybody he met; and the boy, whose inquisitiveness was deemed impertinent when he first came aboard, became the object of much interest, every one perceiving his desire to learn.

After being out twelve days the steamer reached Queenstown, where the mail-bags were discharged, and a few passengers put ashore, and on the morning of the thirteenth day, Liverpool was seen.

It was no part of the plan of the party to remain in Europe, and a delay was made in Liverpool only long enough for the gentlemen to arrange their money matters, secure letters of credit, and attend to the necessary business. Mrs. Percy and Minnie spent the time at the Adelphi, while Harry St. Clair took a hansom, and drove about the city with Walter, whose former visit to Liverpool was fresh in his mind, as a *valet-de-place*. The two boys visited the Docks, St. George's Hall, the Brown Institute, and many other places, and came near delaying the party over a train, by being gone so long.

It was near midnight when they arrived at London, but the streets were full of people; carriages were driving to and fro, the thousand gaslights made the city seem almost like daylight, and poor Harry was almost bewildered by what he saw, and almost crazy with excitement. Walter pointed out to him the prominent objects as they drove rapidly by, and soon they were at the hotel where they were to spend the night. They were all so tired that they were not disposed to question much as to the character of the apartments, and the only one who seemed to have a choice, was Walter.

"Give me the room I had two years ago," said he.

"I do not know which that was," answered the servant.

"It was Number 128, and every morning when I awoke I could look out upon the dome of St. Paul's."

"Ah, I know; you can have it."

So they went to bed.

The next morning while the gentlemen were attending to some necessary business, getting their passports *viséd*, and making some purchases, Walter took Harry up to the top of the dome of the cathedral, and pointed out to him the churches, monuments, houses of parliament, markets, tower, and all the objects of interest in view. Harry, who had been to the top of the dome of the State House in Boston, many times, and who was very fond of going up into the tower at Mount Auburn, was charmed with the view, and Walter had hard work to get him down. They climbed into the ball, and amused themselves two hours, and then with weary feet came down.

Just at night they took cars for Dover, and went on board the little steamer that was to convey them across the channel. The boys were wide awake, and as they left the dusky cliffs of Dover behind, imitated the example of the men, and stowed themselves away on lounges, to be ready for sea-sickness, which is seldom escaped in this ugly passage. The steamer went hopping, skipping, and wriggling about, and each one began to feel the effects. Harry and Walter, who were

lying near each other, were very sober, until the steward came in with a large number of white bowls, and running nimbly about, put one as near as possible to the face of each passenger. The scene was so ludicrous that the two boys began to laugh so heartily that it drove away all the feelings of sea-sickness they had experienced.

Just before reaching the French shore, the bar-tender glided in, and laying his hand on the shoulder of one half awake and half asleep passenger, whispered, —

"Remember the steward, Sir."

"Ay, ay, I'll remember you," and shoving off the hand, turned away from the beggar.

"A present for the servant, Sir," he whispered to a second.

"Go 'long, what are you waking me up for?" was the angry reply.

"Something for steward's service," was the whisper to another.

"A'n't had no service — be off."

Thus from one to another he went, in piteous accents begging a pittance from such as were willing to give. The constant demand for servants' fees in Europe is very annoying to an American who expects no such demand at home.

We skip over the annoyance at the French custom-house, the ride to Paris, the day spent in that beautiful metropolis, filled up with visits to

the Louvre, Tuileries, Père-la-Chaise, and Notre Dame; walks along the Champs Elysèes, and Place de la Concorde; views from the Arch of Triumph and Column Vendome, and rides along the Boulevards. All that will be found in the account of Walter's first tour in Europe, when he spent some weeks in this lovely yet dissipated city.

An amusing account of the ride down to Marseilles, was given by Harry St. Clair, in a letter to Tom Fellows, one of his young associates. We give only an extract: —

. . . . . .

"Well, Tom, I have told you how we got to Paris; now let me tell how we got away. The French cars have two seats facing each other, like a hackney coach. In the middle of the car, over each seat, is a sort of pad, against which the traveller may rest his head and sleep. As we could not all get into one car, Mr. Tenant and I took one separate from the rest of the party, in which the only other passenger was an English officer on his way to India. Mr. Tenant and the officer took the back seat, and I took the front one, with my back to the horses — only you know we had a locomotive instead of horses. Unable to sleep, I had nothing to do but to watch the two men, who, leaning their heads against the same pad, one on each side,

were soon sound asleep. Their heads turned and bobbed, now came close together as if a contact was inevitable, and then rolled apart. Now the long, red, fiery whiskers of the Englishman would meet the neat, trim beard of Mr. Tenant, and the huge brandy-burnt proboscis of the soldier would almost touch the graceful nose on the other side. Now the lips would almost meet, and if one party had been a lady, no knowing what would have happened; and then the two mouths wide open, would approach, and the men would seem to be preparing to swallow each other; and anon the two heads would come together with a bounce, and the two men would start up and look at each other savagely, as if about, each one, to ask, 'What did you thump my face for?' I thought, Tom, that, if everybody looks and acts so ridiculously when they are asleep, it is a great mercy on the part of Providence to ordain that men should sleep when it is dark.

"We arrived at Marseilles after a ride of twenty hours, and went to a magnificent hotel. It was almost supper-time, and Mrs. Percy and Min decided to take refreshments in their room. When we were about ordering our supper, Mr. Percy suggested that as we were to have no ladies at the table, we begin to economize. Tom, don't you think it a humbug for

rich old fogies like Mr. Percy to talk about economy? I hoped they would laugh at him; but Mr. Dunnallan at once took up with the idea, and then Dr. Forrestall joined in, and the whole party decided to economize. Now, Tom, how do you suppose they did it? Why, Mr. Tenant just went and ordered a special supper for ourselves, declining in behalf of the party to go to the *table d'hôte*, which is the common table. Five francs was the table charge, and ours was to be furnished for four. So we waited and waited, grew faint, hungry, and savage, and were at length called to supper. As we entered the dining-hall, we saw the table filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, and were about to take our seats with them, but the servant beckoned us to the foot, away from the rest, and seated us around a candle which burned upon a clothless table. He then set before us a dish of small potatoes, no one of which was larger than a walnut, and a bit of beef which was tough and poorly cooked. Of the potatoes, there were two for each of us; bread was an extra charge. We cast longing glances at the other end of the table, and the gay company beneath the brilliant chandelier; Walter pinched me under the table in a most unmerciful way, and I began to laugh; Mr. Butterworth tried to swallow the beef, but gave

up in despair; Mr. Allston, the young minister, who sat at one end of our circle, or half circle, as we sat around the end of the table, looked wishfully at the plate of potatoes as its contents diminished; and at length, not half satisfied, we got up and slunk away from the table, feeling that we had practised very poor economy. I guess you will never hear Mr. Percy recommend economy again. We have all joked him so about this experiment that I think he will never want to hear the word economy again. So you see, Tom, how we are getting along. I am enjoying more than I ever thought I could enjoy. Walter sends his love to you, and so does Minnie."

From this extract of Harry's letter, it will be seen what objects made an impression on his mind. Walter's letters were quite different from this, and indicated a much superior cast of intellect, though under the judicious care of Mr. Percy, Harry was improving every day.

CHAPTER III.

MALTA AND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

"WHERE are you going now?" asked Walter of his father, as on the evening of the day of their arrival at Marseilles the gentlemen prepared to go out.

"To the steamer office, to secure our tickets for Alexandria."

"Shall we go with you?"

"You can go with us, or with your mother and sister, who are going out for a ride about the city."

"I wish to go with you—what say, Harry?"

"Yes, let us go to the steamer."

That being arranged, the party sallied forth, and on reaching the office found that no plan of the cabin could be seen, and they must go on board to find out what arrangements could be made. Taking a little boat, they were rowed out to the Vectis, a steamer that was to start the next morning for Egypt.

"What is the fare?" asked Mr. Tenant of the purser.

"To Alexandria is £20."

"Enormous."

"It is not considered so."

"What is the second cabin fare?"

"There is no second cabin, except for servants."

"What is the fare there?"

"It is £10."

"What say, friend Percy?" asked Mr. Tenant.

"Why," replied that gentleman, "the ladies must go in the first cabin. The boys can go in the second cabin if they please, and what they save I will add to their pocket-money."

"Our voyage," said Mr. Butterworth, "will be only six or seven days, and we shall save eight or ten dollars per diem by taking the second cabin."

"I shall go in that," said Mr. Tenant.

"So shall I," added each one except Mr. Percy, who concluded to accompany his wife and daughter to the first cabin.

The next morning they were on board early, and on repairing to their quarters, found nothing to please them much. Their berths were in the bows of the vessel, the room dimly lighted, and everything repulsive and unpleasant. Still they concluded to try it, and putting their luggage away, made themselves as comfortable as they

could. Towards night, a terrific storm came on, which continued to increase with the darkness. Suddenly the whole party were aroused by the dash of water into the cabin. Dr. Forrestall sprang from his berth, and found the floor covered to a depth of several inches. There was a momentary panic, but it was soon found that the door of the companion-way had been left open, and the water that dashed over the bows of the vessel was rolling down in torrents. The doctor at once set himself about mending the evil, and climbing up to the door, braced himself against it, closed it, but could not fasten it. There he was deluged with water, calling for help.

"Steward, come and shut this door," he cried.

No response.

"Carpenter, come and shut this door!"

No response.

"We are all drowning! Why don't you shut this door?"

No answer.

"Sailors, ahoy. Come, shut this door."

Here Walter and Harry began to laugh immoderately.

"I say, you there!"

Louder laughter.

"Whose business is it to shut this door?"

"You have made it yours, doctor," cried one.

"Keep hold of it," cried another.

"Won't — any — of you — come and help — oh, dear — help me shut this door?"

Some sailors now made their appearance, and relieved the excellent man from his perilous post. He came down shaking the water from his person, and exclaiming,—

"Harry, I have a good mind to whip you."

"What for?"

"For laughing at me."

"O Doctor, I didn't mean anything, but it was *so funny*," and the boy shouted again.

Just then Mr. Allston came limping along, saying,—

"Is there a spare berth? Mine has broken down and let me into the water."

While a berth was being found for him, a frightened Frenchman began to yell at the top of his voice,—

"*Garçon! Garçon! Garçon!*"

"What does he want?" asked Harry.

"He is calling a servant," replied Walter.

Soon the servant came, and the Frenchman cried out to him. The servant, who was somewhat angry at being aroused, asked in badly pronounced French,—

"*Que souhaitez vous?*" — (What do you want?)

"*De quoi s'agit il là?*" — (What is the matter there?)

"*Restez tranquille.*" — (Be quiet.)

"What stuff, Walter, is that?"

"The steward asks the Frenchman what he wants, and the Frenchman, who is frightened, inquires what the matter is up there about the door."

"What does the steward tell him?"

"To be quiet."

"Oh, dear, I wish I understood French!"

"You can easily learn."

"Will you teach me?"

"All I can, but I do not speak it very well, though I have studied it four years."

"Boys, boys!" cried Mr. Tenant.

"What say, sir?"

"Go to sleep — suspend conversation. Things are getting quiet."

"Yes, Sir."

About sunrise the next morning, which was Sunday, Dr. Forrestall, who had gone on deck early, rushed into the cabin, crying, —

"Get up, get up, we are passing between the islands of Corsica and Sardinia, and the house of Garibaldi is plainly in view."

All rushed on deck, and found land on both sides, and away on the island of Sardinia, as if set in the very rocks, the cottage of the Italian

patriot. After breakfast, it was found that the second cabin was so uncomfortable that a removal was rendered necessary, and on Mr. Tenant's application to the purser, the party moved into more comfortable quarters.

"So ends our second effort to economize," said Harry, as he dragged his luggage into the ample state-room provided for him in the first cabin. In their new quarters they fared much better than before, and none of them regretted the change.

On Tuesday morning, the boys awoke early by the firing of a gun over their heads on deck, and various unusual noises among the crew and passengers.

"What do you suppose it is, Walter?" asked Harry.

"I don't know."

"As soon as I can get my clothes on I will see."

"Here comes father! Pa, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, my son."

"What is the noise about?"

"We have arrived at Malta."

"Ah, ha."

"Yes, get ready to go ashore. Minnie is all prepared, and we shall soon be off. We stay here several hours."

"I'll be on hand."

"So will I," shouted Harry.

Soon the two boys joined the rest of the party on deck, and they entered a small boat and were rowed to the shore. Mrs. Percy remained in the steamer, but Minnie persisted in going ashore. The harbor of Malta was very rough, and once or twice the little girl gave a slight scream, as the boat careened to the gunwales in the briny spray. As they neared the landing, however, the water was smoother, and the children plied their older friends with questions about the island.

"How large is this island?" asked Walter of Dr. Forrestall, who was sitting beside him.

"It has an area of about one hundred and fifteen square miles; is oval in shape, sixteen miles long and nine miles wide."

"And how much population?"

"Malta proper has about one hundred thousand inhabitants."

"Malta *proper?* Why do you say that?"

"Because there is a group of islands. Besides Malta there are Gozo, Comino, Corminetto, and Filfla, and together they have one hundred and forty-four thousand people."

"Is there more than one township?"

"Yes, we are going into Valetta, the capital of the group."

While Walter and Harry were getting all the

information they could out of Dr. Forrestall, Minnie was as eagerly questioning Mr. Tenant.

"What do they sell here?" she asked.

"Among other things, *lace* is manufactured here quite extensively."

"Oh, yes, I have heard of Malta lace."

"Jewelry of a peculiar kind is also found here in abundance, I believe."

Soon they touched the shore, and were in the midst of Maltese sailors, women, dogs, and cats. As they moved up the narrow streets, they saw singular sights in every direction, and Minnie was wild with interest and excitement. The whole party stopped at a little shop for breakfast, but few of them were hungry enough to eat the garlicky bread that was set before them, though an egg was not open to the same objection. During breakfast the milk gave out, and the keeper of the shop was summoned to supply the deficiency. This he did in a queer way. A drove of goats was passing in the street, and he hailed the goatherd, who at once began to milk his dirty animals in sight of the whole waiting company. Minnie, who had cried most lustily for "more milk," now concluded she would take her coffee without milk, though it was thick, black, and strong; and Walter, when urged to have more milk for his untasted liquid, turned away in disgust.

After breakfast they walked about the place into the venerable Church of St. John, rich with the memories and effigies of the old Knights of Malta, and possessing some elegant specimens of art. In the Governor's palace they saw a gun, said to be the first made after the invention of gunpowder. It was about eight feet long, manufactured of sheet iron, and wound around with rope. As they stood looking at this gun, the children had a hundred questions to ask.

"Who invented fire-arms?" asked Walter.

"The Italians, I believe," said his father.

"How long ago?"

"About 1430."

"When was gunpowder invented?"

"It is attributed to Schwartz, a German chemist, in the fourteenth century."

"I thought," added Dr. Forrestall, "that Roger Bacon described it in 1270."

"He gives a receipt for making it," said Rev. Mr. Allston.

"Does he? What is it?"

"He says,—'Take of saltpetre with pounded charcoal and sulphur, and you will make thunder and lightning, if you know how to prepare them.'"

"Then," remarked Walter, "we must set the discovery of gunpowder in 1270."

"I don't know, Walter," said Mr. Tenant, "but you will be obliged to seek the origin of gunpowder farther back than that."

"Ah, how so?"

"Because Alexander is supposed to have refused to attack the Oxydracæ, a people living near the Ganges, because they shot thunderbolts from their walls."

"But this might not have been by gunpowder."

"No, but they probably had some explosive substance."

Leaving the gun and the rest of the objects of interest in the Governor's palace, the party wandered about the town several hours. Minnie bought some lace collars and veils, while Walter invested some of his pocket change in mosaic and lava ornaments, which he intended to have set in gold on his return to America. Harry said he had no sisters to buy lace for, and as to jewelry, he did not care a fig for it, and would not spend his money in that way.

At noon the voyage again commenced, and that afternoon, as they sat on the deck, the conversation turned upon the island they had left behind.

"Was it not on this island that Paul was shipwrecked?" asked Walter of Mr. Tenant.

"I believe so," replied that gentleman; "but

here is Rector Allston, who can tell you all about that."

The children all looked to Mr. Allston.

"What is it you want to know?" said the clergyman.

"Was this the island on which Paul was wrecked?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know?" queried Harry. "I thought clergymen knew all about the Bible."

"But the Bible does not settle the question very definitely."

"Well, tell us what you think about it."

"I think the identity of this island with ancient Melita somewhat questionable."

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"On what grounds?"

"Take your maps and look."

"We have got the maps."

"Now where was Paul when the storm by which he was wrecked, began."

"Near Crete," said Minnie, turning to the account in the Book of Acts.

"I do not find 'Crete,'" said Walter.

"Look for *Candia;* the island is now called by that name."

"Here it is, forming the southern limit of the Grecian Archipelago."

"Note the distance and direction to Malta, and you will see the improbability of this being the place where the shipwreck took place."

"What other island could it have been?"

"It might have been Melida, near the Illyrian coast."

"I see it — here it is, Min."

"Several eminent authorities reject Malta."

"What reasons do they give?"

"Among others, that the viper which fastened upon the hand of Paul, is not a native of Malta, but is of Melida; that the disease the father of Publius had, is peculiar to Melida, but is hardly known at Malta; that the inhabitants of Malta were not barbarous at that time, — those on the island where Paul landed were represented as being so, — and several other such reasons."

"What do the Maltese say about it?"

"They say it was the place, and on the other side of the island show a cave, in which it is said he warmed himself."

The evening of this day was spent on deck, in story-telling, singing, and pleasant conversation; but the next morning a circumstance occurred which came near making the whole company very sad. After breakfast, as all were on deck, wondering how they could spend the day, Walter came up, and said, —

"Mr. Allston is charged with having a penny that belongs to Mr. Percy, and we propose to try him according to the laws of the Mediterranean Sea."

"A trial, a trial! That is right," said several; and all gathered round, while Walter, who acted as prosecuting officer, read the indictment. Mr. Butterworth was judge; Harry was counsel for defence; Mr. Tenant, Mrs. Percy, Minnie, and several other ladies and gentlemen were jurors; while Mr. Dunnallan, Dr. Forrestall, and Mr. Damrell were summoned as witnesses. The trial went on very regularly for a while. Walter had the best notions of law, but Harry showed the most shrewdness in questioning the witnesses; and the passengers all gathered around looking on and enjoying the sport. Minnie did not make a very good juror, as she expressed her opinion freely at every stage of the trial. At length, Mr. Dunnallan was put upon the witness stand. The cross-questioning was at length, and he leaned for support against a board which had been put across the companion-way to prevent the people from stepping in, — the stairs having been removed. All at once the board gave way, and the witness, tumbling backwards, was precipitated, head downwards, into the hold below. All saw him go, but all were powerless to arrest his fall, and as he disap-

peared from view, the blood seemed to curdle in every vein. Dr. Forrestall was first to recover from the shock, and hurrying to the stairway, followed by Mr. Percy, they found the poor fellow at the bottom, doubled up and crushed in a narrow passage. He was quite insensible, and being a heavy man, the two gentlemen found it very difficult to lift him up and bear him to his state-room. When there, Dr. Forrestall at once proceeded to an examination, and finding no bones broken, began to take means to restore him to consciousness. The Doctor opened his trunk, and there he found medicines of different kinds, which his thoughtfulness had suggested, and which now were available. For several hours the poor suffering man remained in a dreadful swoon, and melancholy were the forebodings of the party, as they sat by him. The skill of the physician, and the kind care of Mrs. Percy, were very valuable, and at length reason returned, and consciousness dawned upon him. His first question was, "Where am I?"

"On board the Vectis."

"The *Vectis!*"

"Yes."

"What is the Vectis."

"A steamer! Don't you know we sailed from Marseilles on Saturday."

"I don't know."

"Try to remember."

"Where are we going?"

"To Egypt and Palestine."

"What for?"

"On our excursion of pleasure."

"Is my wife here?"

"No."

"Where is she?"

"You left her at home."

"Did I?"

"Yes."

"What has happened to me?"

"You have had a fall."

"A fall? Where?"

"Down the companion-way of the steamer."

"Am I hurt?"

"No, only fainted, we hope."

"Where are we now?"

"Between Malta and Alexandria."

"Yes, I remember now; we were trying Mr. Allston."

"Yes."

These and similar questions he asked for some time, but soon recovered; and when at night a little company gathered in the state-room and one offered prayer, every heart went up in devout and grateful thanksgiving.

The feeling of the whole company was well expressed by Walter in his Journal, from which we take a single paragraph: —

"On Board the Vectis, April 24, 1861.

". . . I know not as I ever felt more sad than when I saw Dr. Forrestall and father lifting Mr. Dunnallan, and bearing his apparently lifeless form to the state-room. I had the saddest rush of emotions that I ever experienced. Was he dead? Should we be obliged to bury this dear friend in the deep blue sea? Had he come so far from his highland home, to find a sepulchre? What could we say to his wife, and how could we meet his dear children? These were the questions I asked myself as every few minutes I stole to the door, and saw mother bathing his white face, or putting cordials to his pallid lips. Oh, I should die to see my dear father thus. But God is merciful!"

CHAPTER IV.

EXPERIENCE IN ALEXANDRIA.

Bang! Bang!

"Hurrah, Walter!" was the cry of Harry.

Bang! Bang!

"I know what that means."

"What, Walter?"

"They are firing for a pilot."

"Then we have reached the Egyptian coast."

"I suppose so; get out your watch and see what time it is."

"Just three o'clock."

"Shall we get up?"

"Yes, of course."

Soon they were on deck. As far off as they could see in the haze of morning, was an oriental city, where minarets and domes could just be discerned.

"What is this?" asked Minnie, who found the boys pointing to a red sand or dust that covered the deck, spars, and sails.

"I don't know," replied Harry.

"Nor I," said Walter. "But here comes Mr. Damrell, he can tell us."

"Tell you what?" asked that gentleman.

"What this red sand is?"

"Oh, this is nothing but the desert dust that is borne out by the wind."

"How did it come out here? We have not been through a desert."

"No, but these showers of sand are often carried by the wind many miles out to sea."

"But when did this come?"

"In the night sometime. We have had a windy night; this is its result. You will see more of the sand before you leave Egypt."

Bang! Bang!

"Why don't the pilot come?" asked the boys.

"He is coming," answered the gentleman who had been conversing with them.

"Where do you see him?"

"Out there two miles off."

"I don't see."

"Look again. Can you not see a little boat with a large sail?"

"Oh, yes," answered they all.

Soon the boat reached the steamer, and the pilot leaped upon deck and ran up to the paddle-box like a cat.

"Mercy," said Minnie, "what a pilot!"

"What of him?" asked her brother.

"He is a negro."

"No, an Arab."

"And see his trousers and jacket!"

"He is dressed in the costume of the country. Did you expect the pilot would be dressed in European costume?"

"Yes — no. But then I did not expect to see him in such a rig as this."

"You will get accustomed to the costume before you leave the land of Egypt."

The pilot, who was dressed proudly for one in his station, displaying many ornaments, and wearing very showy colors, took the vessel by several English and French war steamers, and brought her to anchor under the walls of the city. Soon the deck was covered with the dusky inhabitants of the country. They came out in light feluccas, and swarmed upon the deck. Some were the officers of customs; some mail-carriers, and at once set about taking out the mails which were in canvas bags and metal cases, — all the important documents being in sealed cases, for protection against the weather. Some were thieves, and went prowling about to see what they could lay their hands on; some were beggars — poor pitiable objects; and some were gentlemen, well dressed, with long pipes in their mouths, strutting about as if they owned the vessel, and were masters of the passengers and crew.

As they stood looking from the steamer upon

the city, an animated conversation took place between the children and the gentlemen of the party.

"How much of a place is Alexandria, Mr. Percy?" asked Harry.

"It is a considerable city," said the gentleman addressed. "It is finely situated just at the mouth of the Nile, and has a history well worth your study."

"When was it founded?" asked Walter.

"Three hundred and thirty-two years before Christ."

"Before Christ?"

"Yes."

"I suppose by Alexander?"

"Yes; he laid the foundations, and it soon became a great city, vying with Rome in military greatness, with Athens in literature, with Tyre in commercial importance."

"It is not as great now as in former years?"

"No; time levelled its walls, and war slaughtered its inhabitants. It incurred the displeasure of Rome, its rival, and again and again was sacked by Caracalla, Aurelian, and Diocletian. Its commerce was driven to other ports, its wealth aided to build up Constantinople, and its power faded before superior races. After it had long been in a decayed state, it was revived by Mohammed Ali, who"—

"Who was he?" asked Minnie.

"He was pasha of Egypt, who died in 1849."

"What was his history, Pa?"

"I will tell you all I can."

"So do."

"He was a poor man who commenced life humbly. At one time he was a tobacco-merchant, but entering the army, he became the supreme ruler of this whole country. He expelled the French from the land, exterminated the brave, warlike Mamelukes, built up commerce, promoted agriculture and manufactures, and in many ways improved the condition of the Egyptians."

"I must read his life."

"He saw that Alexandria was favorably located for commerce, and went to work improving its harbor, and offering facilities for trade; and under him the city revived, and is now a place of sixty thousand inhabitants."

Before our travellers left home, Walter promised to write to Charlie, who had now become a stout, intelligent boy, nine years old. As these letters explain what the boys saw, in their own language, one of them is here given: —

"DEAR CHARLIE, — My last letter to you was closed on board the Vectis just before we landed. On stepping ashore at Alexandria, we met a crowd of those donkey-boys, that you remember we read about one evening last winter.

As soon as we got out of the boat, they came at us, a hundred of them. They acted like hungry wolves, shouting in all sorts of dialects, seizing our baggage, pulling our clothes, crowding us in one direction, and pushing us in another, one urging us to ride his donkey for this reason, and one for that; and Minnie and mother were almost hoisted off their feet and mounted on the backs of the donkeys before they were aware of it. Minnie was afraid of them, though she would not own it. While in the midst of the hubbub, father espied an omnibus at a little distance — a funny vehicle, about half way between a hearse and a baggage-wagon, and without knowing where it was going, hurried us into it, much to our relief, but three of the gentlemen concluded to go on donkeys, and took Harry with them. We supposed we had escaped the annoyance. But we had not, for we were followed in by a dozen dirty, barefoot Arabs, who proved to be dragomans, and wanted to travel with us. They chattered and screamed, gesticulated and urged. Each one had a bag of greasy recommendations given him by English or American travellers, whom he had taken up the Nile, or through Palestine. You would have laughed, Charlie, to have seen and heard them.

"The omnibus took us to a hotel where Harry and I had another adventure. We wanted to

take a bath soon after our arrival, and for this purpose went into the elegant bath establishment; after we had bathed in elaborate marble tubs, and felt all the better for it, we marched out, but an Arab stopped us, and demanded pay. This was something we had not thought of, and on searching our pockets, found we had nothing but a few pieces of English silver. This we offered him, but he would not take it. We told him we would settle for the bath with our board-bills, but that did not satisfy him. We asked him to let us go and find some of the gentlemen, but he put himself right in the door-way, exclaiming in broken accents, 'Big Americans, no pay.' Here we were in limbo, and how to escape we could not tell; when fortunately one of our friends, Mr. Damrell, came along, and released us. Harry looks daggers at the villanous fellow every time he sees him.

"I shall write you all the news, and you can read the letter to Aunt Hester.

"WALTER."

The hotel at which our travellers were accommodated was on the public square of Alexandria, and Minnie and her mother took much pleasure in sitting at evening on the balcony, and looking out upon the people as they thronged the beautiful grounds. There were people of all nations

and colors. The coal-black Nubian, the scowling Turk, and the pale-faced European, were all there. Now and then a full dress suit of European clothes upon a human form was seen crossing the park, but mostly the people were arrayed in the flowing oriental costume, varying from a mere white cloth wound around the body, to the full Turkish suit, with its gay colors and its showy decorations. Around the square were various public buildings, among which were the several consulates, surmounted by the flags of the nations represented; and Minnie clapped her hands the first time she recognized among them our own regal banner, — the stars and stripes.

"Look, Mother," said Minnie one day, as she sat with Mrs. Percy on the balcony; "see, there is a donkey with a ghost on him."

"A ghost?"

"Yes."

"Well, the woman does look like a ghost," answered the mother, as an Egyptian lady, all veiled in white, came trotting along on a donkey, sitting, as the ladies always do when they ride, on her knees, in a most uncomfortable position.

"And look there."

"What now?"

"Why, there is a donkey with five boys on him."

"Yes, and there is another with a portly man on his back, who covers the beast all up."

"I see him, Ma. Oh, is it not Mr. Bradley?"

"Mr. Bradley? No, dear."

"Why, it is, Ma; — look!"

And so it proved to be — a friend of the family, who had crossed the ocean in a sailing vessel, and who was at once kindly welcomed by the whole party.

One evening, after the day's work was done, Mr. Percy said to the children, —

"What have you seen to-day?"

"Almost everything, Pa," said Minnie.

"But what have you seen that has struck you peculiarly? Walter, you may answer first."

"I have been struck," replied the boy, "with the blindness with which so many people are afflicted. About one fourth of the inhabitants of Alexandria have something the matter with the eyes. Blind children, blind men, blind women, and even blind mules and donkeys have met me at every turn. What is the cause of this?"

"I have been struck with the same thing, and have attributed it to the filthy habits of the people. Perhaps you have noticed that the children are literally eaten up with flies. I have to-day seen mothers carrying their babes through the street, covered with these insects, without trying to brush them off."

"So have I, Mr. Percy," cried Harry, breaking in. "I have seen children to-day with their eyes all covered with flies, so that where the eyes should have been were two balls of insects as big as apples."

"Whew!" exclaimed Minnie.

"It is true," answered the boy.

"The Egyptian fly," remarked Mr. Dunnallan, "seems to have a swifter motion and a sharper sting than any I have ever seen. It aims for the eye, and strikes in at once, boring into the flesh as with a gimlet, and when you raise your hand to brush it off, you kill the insect in dislodging it."

"Dr. Smith, who has looked at the subject in the light of science," remarked Dr. Forrestall, "thinks that 'the prevalence of ophthalmia in adults is owing, in part, to the turban, there being no projecting rim to it, for a shade to the eyes, like the visor of an ordinary cap. Those who do not wear that hot, heavy head-gear, substitute the tarbousch, — a thick, red, felt cap, without a rim, and consequently admitting the strong rays of the sun directly into the eyes. Then the heated sand, reflecting the light with the intensity of a mirror, contributes to produce an irritability of the visual apparatus, which may degenerate into total blindness.'"

"And that is not all he says," replied Mrs. Percy.

"What does he say, Mother?"

"That an English lady told him that 'an opinion prevails among them that it would be disastrous to wash an infant till it is one year old; and consequently, from the hour they are ushered into existence, to the termination of twelve months, the dirty little creatures are never washed.'"

"Oh, I don't believe that."

"Nor I."

"It does not seem reasonable, but it may be so."

"I have heard the phenomena explained," said Mr. Allston, "in this way: mothers put out the right eye of their male children in infancy, that they may not be impressed into the army."

"But," said Walter, "that would not explain the blindness of the women and donkeys."

"No, that must be accounted for on the supposition that they are put out by the sand, which blows about, and fills eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, as we have to-day experienced."

"Well, I don't know what the cause of it is," said Harry, "but I know blindness is terribly prevalent. Blind men stand in the street asking your charity on every corner; men blind of an eye look out at you from the little window of the shop where knick-knacks and gimcracks are sold; the donkey-boy is blind of an eye,

and his mother who comes to help him out of his trouble is blind of an eye; the waiters at the hotel here are troubled about the eyes; the landlord is obliged to shut one eye when he speaks; and a dozen times since morning I have put up my hands to see if there is not something the matter with my own eyes."

"Well done, Harry," exclaimed Minnie.

"Now, Minnie," said her father, "tell me what you have seen and noted to-day? What has impressed you?"

"I have seen a funeral procession, and so odd that I shall never forget it."

"Tell us about it."

"This morning I was aroused by a horrid noise under the window, and on getting up and looking out, saw a company of men with tin horns, rude drums and gongs, making a hideous outcry. Then followed a number of persons, bearing a dead body upon a bier. The corpse was covered with gay clothing, and the showy turban of the man lay on the outside. Immediately behind followed a woman and two children; these I supposed to be the wife and children of the departed. Behind them were from fifty to ninety aged men and women, wailing and moaning, and shouting most violently."

"What did they say?" queried Harry.

"I could not tell, but Mr. Butterworth in-

quired of a native, and was told that they only repeated over and over the most senseless expressions."

"Such as what?"

"Oh my father! Oh my mother! Oh the sun! Oh the moon! Oh the stars! Oh the river!"

"Well, Harry," said Mr. Percy, "what has impressed you to-day?"

"Oh, nothing, Mr. Percy. I was so disturbed by dogs and donkeys last night, that I have not got any new ideas into my head to-day."

"Dogs and donkeys! Did they trouble you?"

"You know the dogs are large and wolfish, and roam in droves. They are like half-starved jackals; and last night they were howling all the time. One solitary dog would commence, and in a minute he would be joined by another, and then ten, then a hundred, and it seemed at last as if a million were joining in the boisterous chorus."

"But the donkeys don't bark, do they?"

"No, but they bray."

"You know, Harry, that almost every man and boy here keeps a donkey."

"Where do they keep him, Pa?" asked Minnie.

"Sometimes they put him into the spare room, and sometimes he is taken to bed with the owner."

"You reverse it, Pa."

"How?"

"Don't the owner go to bed with the donkey?"

"I don't know; but as Harry says, they make a terrible noise; a thousand of them seem to be braying at once."

"I think it is time for my children to go to bed now," said Mrs. Percy, rising.

"Not yet, Ma," said Minnie.

"Not just yet," added Walter.

"Oh, no; it is not bedtime," was the reply of Harry.

"You had better go now, and be up early in the morning."

"Well."

"Good-night, all round."

CHAPTER V.

POMPEY'S PILLAR. — CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLES.

"WHERE shall we go to-day?" said Walter to his father, one morning shortly after the arrival in Alexandria.

"It is a cool day, my son, and we have concluded to take open carriages and ride about the city, and see all we can of it."

"That will be nice, and there are some things here I want to see."

"What are they?"

"Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needles."

"We shall visit them."

"Are they far distant?"

"No; they are in sight from the roof of our hotel. We can reach them in half an hour."

Just then they were called to breakfast, and afterwards a carriage or two were found, — though carriages are not numerous in Egypt, — and they all started out.

"Father," exclaimed Minnie, as they rode along.

"What, child?"

"Don't you remember a Mr. Lucas, who preached at our church a few Sabbaths before we sailed?"

"Yes."

"Well."

"What of him?"

"He spoke of the Alexandrian Library — is that here?"

"No, child."

"Where is it?"

"It was destroyed many years ago."

"I have often heard of this library, and would like to know its history; — please tell it to us," said Walter.

"If Harry will stop his shouting, I will. The boy acts as if he was crazy."

"O Mr. Percy, I am all attention, if you have anything to tell us."

"The Alexandrian Library was founded two hundred and ninety years before Christ, by Ptolemy Soter."

"Who was Ptolemy Soter?" asked Minnie.

"Ask the question some other time, Min," said Walter.

"It was of great value, but was several times destroyed: once by Cæsar, forty-seven years before Christ; once by Bishop Theophilus, A. D. 400, and finally by Caliph Omar in 642."

"How large was it?" asked Minnie.

"I do not know. There are many statements in regard to the extent of the library, and they contradict each other."

"What are they?"

"One statement is, that there were 4,000 baths in the city at the time the library was finally destroyed, and that the books being equally divided among them, kept them all burning for six months."

"Tremendous! What other statements?"

"Why, others say there were not more than 700,000 volumes at any one time."

"Were they not mostly manuscripts?"

"Yes."

"Are there not many public libraries that have 700,000 volumes in them?"

"Not many."

"What are the largest?"

"The Imperial Library in Paris—1,084,000 volumes."

"What comes next?"

"The Royal Library in Munich — 900,000 volumes."

"How many volumes are there in the British Museum?"

"About 625,000."

"What is the largest library in America?"

"That at Harvard College, which has about 123,000 volumes."

"What is next to that?"

"The Astor Library in New York, which has 100,000 volumes."

"How many has the City School Library in Boston?"

"About 75,000; and the Athenæum Library has as many."

"Are any of the books of the Alexandrian Library yet in existence?"

Before Mr. Percy could answer this question the boys both shouted together, —

"The pillar! The pillar!"

And there before them was Pompey's Pillar, looking just as it looked to the children in their school-books. They drove up to it, and all got out, and as they approached, a little old woman came running up to them, offering her services as a cicerone.

"See, Walter," said Minnie, "here comes the witch of the pillar."

"She looks like it."

The woman had pieces of red granite to sell, which she stated had been clipped from the huge shaft before them. But the party did not believe her, and with a little hammer — which he always carried on such excursions — Walter knocked off a bit of the real stone, which he brought away with him. The pillar stands on an elevation of ground, and the foundations seem nearly under-

mined, and Walter predicted that it would all tumble down in a few years. The shaft of the pillar between the base and the elegantly-wrought Corinthian capital is seventy-three feet high, of beautiful polished stone. The whole height is ninety-nine feet, and the shaft is thirty feet in circumference. Standing alone as it does, it is a very imposing spectacle, the remnant of an earlier age. While they were looking at it, Walter inquired about its history.

"What is known about this pillar, father?"

"Almost nothing."

"Why is it named for Pompey?"

"No one can tell."

"Was it erected to his memory?"

"No; to Diocletian."

"By whom?"

"By Publius, the Prefect of Egypt."

"Then why is it called 'Pompey's Pillar'?"

"Probably after Diocletian ceased to be honored, the other name was given to it; but it should be called 'Diocletian's Pillar.'"

Here the old woman, who could speak English, approached Walter, and offered a piece of red granite for sale.

"How much do you ask for it?" asked Walter.

"Backshish."

"How much?"

"Money — backshish."

"No, I don't want it."

"No want — yes — backshish."

"No; it is spurious."

"Spu — spu — backshish, backshish."

"It is no good, I mean."

"Yes, good—true Pompey."

But the lad was not to be deceived by any such wares as the woman had for sale, and soon he got an opportunity to remove little pieces of the real pillar.

"You are a vandal, Walter," said Minnie, as she saw him break them off.

"Not quite, Sis."

"You are not honest."

"Not honest?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because you are stealing."

"No, Sis."

"Why, this pillar is not yours."

"Yes, it is."

"How do you make that out?"

"It belongs to the world, not to this old woman, nor to the Pasha of Egypt. I am a part of the world, and am taking my pieces of the pillar now."

"What immorality! Where is Rector Aliston?"

"Come, children, it is time to go."

"Ay, ay, Sir," roared Harry, who was quite boisterous on this occasion.

"And where now?" asked Walter, as they seated themselves.

"To Cleopatra's Needles."

"Needles?" inquired Walter. "I thought there was but one."

"I am not responsible for your thoughts;—there are two."

"But there is only one in my geography," said Minnie.

"I can't help that,—there are two here."

"We shall see."

Soon they reached the place, and found one solitary obelisk standing.

"There, what did I tell you?" cried Minnie.

"Yes, I was right," added Walter.

"You were wrong," replied the father.

"How is that? Here is but one."

"Wait and see."

They clambered over some piles of timber, and reached the shaft. They found but one standing; the other was on the ground and nearly embedded in the earth.

"Ah, here is the second; I give it up," said Walter.

"This fallen pillar was once offered to the English government; but the expense and trouble of getting it were so great, that the practical

Englishmen concluded to let it stay where it is."

"A wise conclusion," said Mr. Tenant.

"I don't think so," replied Dr. Forrestall.

"Nor I," said the rector.

"Nor I," chimed in Walter.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Tenant.

"Because," replied the boy, "the English government is rich, and might as well spend money in one way as another, and this obelisk in London would be a great curiosity."

"I think as Mr. Tenant does," said Harry.

"I supposed you would," replied Walter.

"Why?"

"Because you care nothing for antiquity."

"No; what have I to do with antiquity?"

"Much, I think."

"No, Walter, I would rather look at a lamp-post in a park, than this unsightly pillar."

"Yes, Harry," said Minnie, "you care more for the present things, — fast horses, dogs, and rifles, than for old pictures or old pillars."

"Of course I do."

"That is where we differ," replied Walter. "Now, father, tell us something about these Needles."

"What would you know?"

"I want to know if" —

"Who was Cleopatra?" interrupted Minnie.

"Perhaps Walter can tell. She was a character in whom you would feel some interest."

"I don't know much about her."

"Well, tell what you do."

"Well, I have read that Cleopatra was a Greek female name, which signified 'the glory of her country.' There were several Cleopatras, but the one for whom I suppose this Needle to be named, was the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes. After various adventures she was married to Ptolemy Necteros, a child only seven years old."

"Whew, how old was she?"

"About forty."

"Mercy," exclaimed Minnie, "why did she do that?"

"It was a State marriage, — to give her power. She was a very ambitious woman. There are many interesting things said about her. I have at home a little history which contains many of the facts of her history, which you can have, when we reach Cambridge again."

"I should like to read it."

"So should I," added Harry.

"But, Walter," asked his sister, "was this obelisk erected by her, or to her memory?"

"I think to her memory. Am I right, father?"

"No, my son."

"What then?"

"The shaft was reared long before her time, as far back as the Exodus, and was probably once a part of a heathen temple. The hieroglyphics on it are said to give evidence that it once belonged to the temple of the sun at Heliopolis, a place we shall visit to-morrow."

"How high is it?"

"The guide-books say sixty-three feet."

Having seen enough of the Needles they rode to the catacombs hewn in the rocks, in which Harry and Minnie felt no interest, but which Walter viewed with much pleasure. They consisted of chambers in the rocks, where the dead had once reposed; but the bones had all been removed.

"And where next?" asked Walter, when they had again taken seats in the carriage.

"Where you will. We have seen all we came out to see, and now you can go to the hotel, or ride about the city."

"I want to ride about," said Harry.

"I would like to see something more," said Walter.

"I want to go home," said Minnie. "This fine dust is sifting into my eyes so, that I cannot see anything, and I shall not be fit to be seen at tea-time."

"Oh, no matter how you look, nobody will know you."

"If nobody don't, I want to look decent."

"That is a new idea that has taken you, Min," said Harry.

"Take that, Mr. Impudence," and "whack" went a little twig that Minnie had in her hands over Harry's shoulders.

"Come, come, children, you mustn't play in the carriage; have your bantering at home."

They rode about the city an hour, and then drew up at the door of the hotel, where they were soon surrounded by a crowd of Arabs, from whom they were glad to escape to their rooms, where they rested until tea-time.

CHAPTER VI.

GRAND CAIRO.

The party started one morning for Cairo the Magnificent. This grand oriental city is situated about twelve miles above the apex of the delta of the Nile, and is seven miles in circumference. A railroad is stretched between Alexandria and this city, and few travellers pass from one to the other by any other mode of conveyance.

The car into which our travellers climbed was a large, room-like carriage, in which were many Arabs bound to Cairo. For a while the children amused themselves by watching the strange ways of this strange people. The country was fertile; green fields were waving in all directions, and frequent villages were seen in the distance. At every stopping-place, large numbers of persons, male and female, were found, who had various kinds of cookery to dispose of. Chickens, well roasted, were sold at sixpence each; eggs, well boiled, three for a half-penny; oranges, luscious and well grown,

as cheap as sparrows in the times of Christ, as Mr. Allston said; various kinds of bread and cake; water from goat-skin bags, which neither of the children could be persuaded to touch; and strong drinks in little cans were met with all along the road.

The river was crossed once or twice, — the noble, majestic Nile. The moment it appeared in view, the Arabs, who had seen it a thousand times before, crowded to the windows of the carriages, and shouted in a delirium of joy. Had Mecca appeared to their astonished gaze, they could scarcely have been more jubilant. With an Egyptian the Nile is an object of great respect, if not of reverence and worship. Well it may be, for without it not a single human being could subsist in that arid, scorching region. It is rain and dew, food and drink, occupation and country to thousands who subsist upon its products. But of the Nile we shall speak more particularly in a subsequent chapter.

At one of the stations on the road, they saw the state train of the Pasha of Egypt, and a more gorgeous equipage the children had never seen before. The locomotive was a blaze of gilt and gold, and the cars were sumptuous in the extreme. Time was given for an examination of the carriages, and the splendor of their decorations made Minnie enthusiastic in their praise.

"Who would have thought!"

"Thought what, Sis?" asked Walter.

"That I should come to the deserts of Egypt to see the most beautiful train of cars that I ever beheld."

"It is strange; but father tells me this people are fond of show."

"So are the French, but this train is far more elaborate and beautiful than the state carriages of Napoleon."

"Ding, ding, ding!"

"Come, children," cried Mr. Percy.

"All aboard!" shouted Mr. Tenant.

Soon they were again seated, Minnie telling her mother what she had seen, and describing, in a rapid enthusiastic manner, the beauties of this royal train.

"Wasn't it beautiful?" she asked, turning to Mr. Tenant.

"Not beautiful, but showy, dear."

"Oh, what a man!"

"It was not beautiful to my eye."

"Why not?"

"Because so much show upon a locomotive is out of taste."

"So Walter said, but he don't know."

"Walter's taste is generally good, Sis."

"Well, say what you will, Mr. Tenant, I think it was first-rate."

"I wish I had seen it," remarked Mrs. Percy, "and then I could have exercised my judgment in the matter."

A conversation on the other side of the car between Walter and Dr. Forrestall now drew attention.

"How old a place did you say Cairo was?" asked Walter of the physician.

"It was founded A. D. 970."

"'A. D!' What does A. D., that I hear you speak about, mean?" asked Harry.

"Why, Harry, don't you know?" said Walter.

"No; tell me."

"Do you know, Sis?"

"Yes."

"Well, tell him then."

"It means 'the year of our Lord.'"

"But," queried Harry, "how does A. D. mean 'year of our Lord'?"

"Explain, Minnie, as you have begun."

"It means — means — I don't know."

"Ah, I thought you didn't."

"Do you, Walter?"

"Yes."

"Then explain it to us."

"A. D. stands for *Anno Domini*, two Latin words, which mean 'the year of our Lord.'"

"Good; I shall always remember."

"Now please tell us," said Walter, turning to

the gentleman with whom he had been convers ing, "about Cairo."

"What would you know?"

"Who founded it?"

"An Arabian caliph."

"Was it always called Cairo?"

"No, its original name was *El Kahireh*."

"What does that mean?"

"The Victorious."

"Why that name?"

"To commemorate some victory gained here."

"Was there nothing here before?"

"Yes, probably there was a city, on, or near the Nile, in the times of Moses. Moez, though having the credit of founding the place, only revived it."

In conversation about Egypt, and the inhabitants of the land, the time was occupied, until the domes and minarets of the city appeared in view, and about six hours after starting from Alexandria they stood in the depot at Cairo. The children were here almost bewildered with the jargon of tongues, but Mr. Percy got them all safely into an omnibus, and they were driven through narrow filthy streets, and beneath the shade of trees, that grew in the very walls of the houses, until they arrived in front of a large, modern-looking building, over the

high-arched door of which were the words *Hotel d' Orient.*

"Hotel of the East," shouted Walter. "Here we are."

"Is this the hotel?" asked Minnie.

She was soon answered by the sight of porters seizing on the luggage, and in a few minutes, they had all passed beneath the archway and were in a pretty quadrangle into which doors opened on all sides. Mr. Tenant, who was the business man of the party, was put forward to make a bargain with the landlord, and the terms being found satisfactory, the whole company was soon provided with nice apartments on the second floor of the house.

Walter and Harry were put into the same room. Mr. Butterworth occupied one adjoining, and the rest of the party were entertained to their own liking. To Minnie was assigned an apartment opening out of the one occupied by her father and mother, and the weary travellers were soon congratulating each other on having found such comfortable quarters.

"Walter," said Harry, while they were washing their dust-begrimed faces, "this is as good as the Tremont House."

"Better."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, for if we should go to a hotel at home,

we should be put into a little seven-by-nine room, with one window only in it, and no ventilation."

"So we should."

"And then the hotel would be so full, and there would be so much tramping through the passages at night, that we could not sleep."

"That's so."

"But here we have a room more than thirty feet square, with four large windows in, and two nice looking beds, and a large centre-table, — and everything looks so homelike."

"I did not expect to find such accommodations."

"Nor I."

"I was afraid we should find the hotel so mean that we should want to get out of it, and the weather so hot that we should almost die of it."

"We should be thankful that it is so much better than we feared. It is not very hot here."

"No; how high does your glass go?"

Walter took out his neat little pocket thermometer and stood it in the open window, and when the mercury had reached its level, he replied, —

"It is only seventy-six degrees in the shade."

"That would be comfortable summer weather at home."

"Yes, but it will soon be hotter here. I heard a servant tell father that it was over one hundred degrees at dusk on Friday last."

The commendation which the boys bestowed upon the hotel was well deserved, as they afterward found. The institution was managed in European style, and at the table one would scarcely know that he was not in London or Paris. The fare was as at our own hotels, — two dollars and fifty cents per day, without charge for little extras, which so often amounts to a formidable bill at home.

Near the close of the afternoon the party all came together to discuss plans for the exploration of Cairo.

"The first thing we have to do," said Mr. Percy, "is to secure a dragoman for our tour in Syria."

"Why need we think of that now?" asked Mr. Allston.

"Because, whoever we may engage will want some time to prepare for the journey. He will need tents, assistants, and provisions."

"May I speak father," asked Walter.

"Yes, my son."

"I have a dragoman."

"You have!"

"Yes, Sir."

"Who is he, and where did you get him?"

"He followed us from Alexandria."

"What is his name?"

"Mohammed Achmet."

"Oh, yes, the good-looking young fellow, that has rendered us some service all the way along."

"Yes, Sir."

"Where is he now?"

"I saw him in the court below a few minutes since."

"Call him."

Walter ran out and soon came in bringing a tall, good-looking, well-dressed Arab, who was apparently about thirty-five years of age.

"Here he is, Pa," said the boy, as the dragoman came forward, bowing, in oriental style, almost to the floor.

"Are you a dragoman?" asked Mr. Percy.

"Yes, Sir; and I have gone up the Nile and into Syria with many Americans."

"Ah, with whom?"

The man named several parties.

"On what terms will you accompany us?"

"On any terms. I don't go for money."

"What do you go for?"

"Because — for — why — it is my business — trade you call him, Sir."

"How soon could you get ready?"

"Any time."

"What should you carry with you?"

"New tents, iron bedsteads, plenty of food, cook, good guard — anything you want."

"Well, Mr. — Mr. — What's-your-name?"

"I am Mohammed Achmet, dragoman."

"Well, Sir, we are going out now, and you can come at some other time. If we can agree with you as to the terms, we may make a contract with you. We are to travel through Syria, and shall want a good dragoman. You have befriended us on various occasions, and if we can agree, we are willing to take you."

Mohammed was profuse in his thanks, and promised them that they should be taken through Palestine in a way that no party of Americans had ever gone before. He then bowed himself out of the room.

"Come, let us be off now," said Mr. Allston.

"Where?" asked several.

"To the Pyramids!" was the reply of Minnie.

"It is too late — it will take all day!"

"To some of the mosques," was Walter's choice.

"No," said Mr. Percy, "we have only two hours before dark, and we shall need dinner by that time."

"I know where to go," said Harry.

"Where?" said several of the party.

"Let us have a donkey-ride," replied the boy.

"Capital," cried Mr. Tenant.

"Just the thing," answered Mr. Percy.

And it was soon agreed that the first donkey-ride of the party should be taken. Mrs. Percy and Minnie concluded to lie down and take a nap, while the rest were gone out. Harry was wild with joy, not only that his proposition had been accepted, but that he was now to have the novel entertainment which a donkey-ride was sure to give. Walter was as much pleased as Harry, at the idea of trotting through the streets of Cairo on the back of a donkey, but he manifested his pleasure in a much more quiet and reasonable way. He reminded Harry that the ride might not be as pleasant an experience as he imagined it would.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST DONKEY-RIDE.

When a man who has always despised the poor donkey finds himself upon the back of one of these animals, capering through the narrow slippery streets of some oriental city, he has a vivid perception of the ludicrousness of his position. Legions of donkeys are found in front of hotels, and in the public resorts of all the Egyptian cities. When the donkey is hired, the owner runs behind and pounds the beast with a club, or pricks him with a sharp goad. The saddle is easy, and the riding is very pleasant. The driver, however, who is unaccustomed to the perverse habits of the creature, must be careful that he is not thrown over the head of the beast, and landed in the street with a broken nose.

Our travellers descended the stairs, crossed the quadrangle, passed through the gate-way, and found about fifty donkeys ranged in front of the hotel. It had been rumored about that a new party had come, and the boys who had donkeys to let had gathered themselves. As soon as they

saw the gentlemen approach, they began to recommend their beasts in broken English.

"Take this donkey!" cried one.

"Here a good donkey — he do," cried another.

"This be real right donkey," cried another.

"Here is English Snooks donkey," shouted the next.

"This is Yankee Doodle donkey," vehemently vociferated the next.

The party were almost bewildered with the earnestness of the boys, and stood laughing at them.

"I'll take Yankee Doodle," said Walter.

"I'll have English Snooks," cried Harry.

Soon the whole party were mounted, and in high glee scampering through the streets of Grand Cairo. They had not gone far before a shout arrested the attention of all, and on looking back to see what the trouble was, they found that Mr. Dunnallan and his beast had been unable to agree, and both of them being somewhat obstinate, had, in the contest, rolled over together in the mire of the street. When they returned to the place, they found the man and beast eying each other; the former with his dignity somewhat soiled, and the latter seeming glad that the catastrophe had occurred.

Again mounted, they drove through the bazaars, and along the covered streets, into which

it was almost impossible for the rays of the sun to penetrate, until they reached the mosque of Mohammed Ali, — one of the first structures of the kind on the globe. The children were about to enter in advance of the rest of the party, when several Mussulmans stopped them, jabbering vehemently in an unknown tongue.

"What is the matter, Walter?" asked Harry.

"I don't know," replied the boy.

"We have done something wrong; — see how angry they are!"

"They seem to be enraged at something; we had better wait until the folks come up."

Soon the party reached the gate, and the boys found out what the trouble was. The Moslem had requested them to enter the mosque without shoes, and the whole party, drawing off their boots, crossed the court, passed by the fountains, and entered the mosque in this order.

"Your white stockings look well, Walter," said Harry.

"Your blue socks don't look well — there is a hole in the heel of one," was the retort.

"I am no worse off than some of the rest, for there is Mr. Tenant, with white hose darned with blue yarn."

"I see it. Oh, how Minnie would plague him about it, if she were here!"

Indeed, none of the gentlemen could boast

much, as each one had done his own darning and mending, except as Mrs. Percy and Minnie had assisted them.

The mosque delighted the children. The magnificent dome, marble pillars, the arches of polished alabaster, the stained glass, the hanging lights, the swinging pendants, the varied-colored mosaics, all gave an indescribable charm to the edifice.

"I wish I could take a drawing," said Walter.

"I wish Minnie was here to see it," added Walter.

"So do I; but you must describe it to her."

"Oh, it is indescribable — indescribable!"

Mr. Percy called the boys to go out into the quadrangle which overlooks the city. The view from there was very fine. Beneath them lay the city, and out beyond the desert, on the sands of which could be discerned, in the haze of evening, the mighty Pyramids.

"Here occurred," said Mr. Percy, "one of those scenes which formed a part of the master-policy of Mohammed Ali, by which he established himself in power, and carried terror to the hearts of his foes."

"Please, Mr. Percy, tell us what it was," said Harry.

"When he was reigning here, he became

aware of a conspiracy against him on the part of the Mamelukes."

"Who were they?"

"Perhaps Walter can tell you while we are looking off upon the city."

"I can tell him, for I have read something about this race of people."

"Go ahead, Walter."

"The word Mameluke, or as the Arabic spells it, — Mr. Tenant told me yesterday, — *memalik*, means *slave*, and the Mamelukes were formerly slaves imported into the country to work upon the river or till the land. At length they increased in numbers and power, and became masters of the country. They were wild, brave men, and ranged over the whole land. They were divided into twenty-four tribes, governed by beys."

"What is a *bey?*"

"It is a — a — I'll ask father."

"A bey," said Mr. Percy, who overheard the question asked by Harry, "is a chief or sheik."

"I remember reading," continued Walter, "that when Napoleon invaded Egypt, these Mamelukes gathered against him, and so brave and courageous were they, that he said — 'Could I unite the Mameluke horse to the French infantry, I should consider myself master of the world.'"

"There was one thing," said Mr. Butterworth, "which reconciled the French soldiers to fighting with these desperate men."

"What was it?" asked both the boys at once.

"It was this. The Mameluke warriors carried all they were worth upon their persons. In addition to rich clothing, each one had gold in abundance, in coins and ornaments, and the soldiers who killed them, and robbed them on the field, made great gains."

"Now, father, tell us, what scene in connection with the Mamelukes took place here."

"When Mohammed Ali found that this race were conspiring against him, he invited all their leading men and great warriors to a banquet here, and when four hundred and seventy of them had assembled in this quadrangle the gates were locked, and a murderous fire poured upon them by concealed Albanian soldiers."

"Were they all killed?"

"All but one."

"How did he escape?"

"He leaped his horse from the ramparts here, and escaped."

"Did he?"

"His horse was killed in the fall."

"What was his name?"

"Emin Bey."

"And what became of the others?"

"What others?"

"The rank and file of Mamelukes."

"They fled from Egypt as fast as they could, but many of them were massacred."

"How cruel!"

"Yes, it seems so; but it may have saved life in the end."

"How long are you going to stay here teaching the boys?" asked Dr. Forrestall.

"I am ready to go now," and they moved towards the gate.

"Father, Father!" shouted Walter, just as the gentlemen were passing out.

"What, my son?"

"Can you let me have some money?"

"Money? Have you spent all I gave you the other day?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How have you managed to get rid of so much?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know? You should know."

"Well, Father, on my honor I don't; but my pocket is empty. You know the old ballad, don't you?"

"What ballad, Walter?" asked Harry.

"Yes, Walter, what ballad?" joined in Mr. Allston.

"This is it: —

'Money goes! no one knows;
Where it goeth no one showeth;
Here and there, everywhere;
Run, run; dun, dun;
Spend, spend; lend, lend;
Flush to-day, short to-morrow;
Notes to pay, borrow, borrow;
So it goes, no one knows;
Where it goeth no one showeth!'"

"Ha, ha! ha.!" laughed Mr. Tenant. "Friend Percy, you should give the boy something for that."

"What do you want of money now, my son?"

"To buy an egg."

"An egg?"

"Yes, Sir, an alabaster egg."

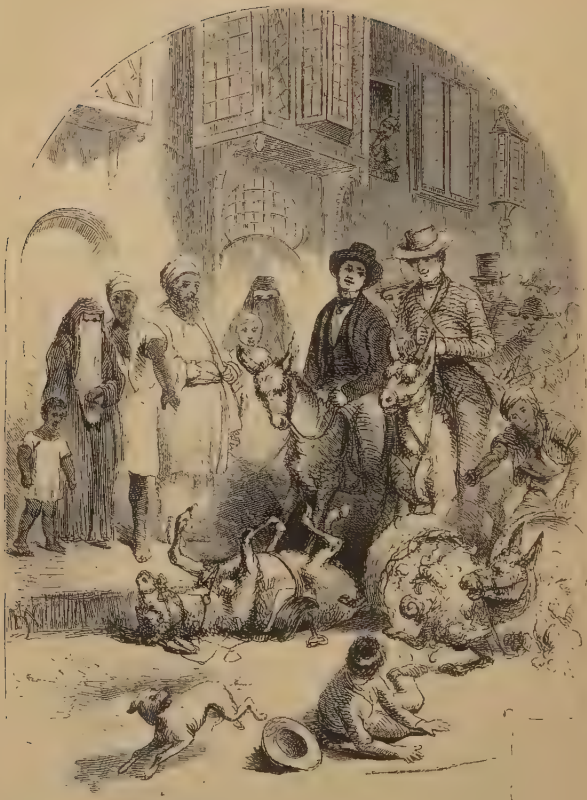
"Oh, I see, of that man who has specimens of alabaster such as the interior of the mosque is finished with, turned into the shape of an egg."

"Well, here is some change. Make as good a bargain as you can; — get one for Harry, also one for Minnie."

"Yes, Sir, I thought of Minnie."

The company put on their boots, and again mounted their donkeys, and scampered off towards the city. On their way they came to a great crowd of people around a man who was performing some feats of legerdemain.

"What is he doing?" asked Walter.



FIRST DONKEY RIDE.

"I will see," answered Harry.

Driving their donkeys up into the crowd and standing up in the stirrups, they discovered that the man had a basket, and by it he turned snakes into doves, and toads into rabbits, or appeared to do so. The boys enjoyed the sport, understanding that it was a trick, they having seen some such things at home. They remained until called away by the gentlemen, who were not much interested. Directing their way towards the hotel, they were soon running along, having a jolly time. During this ride an incident occurred, which I will give in Walter's own words, as he wrote them in his Journal that night: —

. . . "On our way home a laughable incident occurred which for a time threatened to be disagreeable as well as ludicrous. While we were in a long, narrow, slippery street, we became excited with the novelty of our position, and drove much faster than it was safe to do with such animals. Having got in advance of all the rest with Rector Allston, he began to whip and punch his donkey to get ahead of me; and driving up so close to me that I was afraid we should come in collision, I turned out to the right, and quite unfortunately just at that moment there was a boy coming along with two large baskets of vegetables, one on each side of a donkey, who

was staggering under the load. A contact took place! Quicker than I can write it the donkey with his vegetables was pitched over in one direction, and my donkey with his load—of vegetables I had almost said — was pitched out in the other direction. Behind, were thirty or forty exasperated beasts, ridden by as many half crazy men, and to save myself from being trampled to death, I let my donkey go, and crept out the best way I could. My cap fell off, and my watch tumbled out of my pocket, but held by the guard I did not lose it. Mr. Allston was uncivil enough to laugh at me, and told the rest how comical I looked as I crept away from the fallen beast. I hope he will have some kind of a ludicrous adventure before we get through, though this wish is not a return of good for evil."

The boy who drove the donkey on which Walter rode, when he saw that he was down, came and took him up, and showered upon him all kinds of opprobrious epithets.

"Bad donkey, fall down."

"No matter," Walter said.

But he continued to make up faces at the poor brute, whose reputation for future days he feared might be injured.

When the party reached the hotel, Walter told Minnie and his mother all they had seen; described the mosque, and spoke of a well called

"Joseph's Well," said to be two hundred and eighty feet deep, and twenty-five feet square, and which some have said was built by Joseph himself, while he was prince in this land. So ended this first donkey-ride in Egypt. It was to both of the boys a most exciting and interesting excursion, and they will not forget it for a long time. Harry was much pleased that his donkey did not fall down, and plagued Walter for the accident which happened to him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MOSQUES.

WALTER, who was always accustomed to attend church and Sabbath-school at home, and who always carried abroad with him the religious habits which he had cultivated from his earliest years, was much interested in the worship of the Mahometans. One day while walking out with his father, mother, sister, and some of the other members of the party, his attention was arrested by a peculiar cry.

"What is that? he asked.

"What, my son?"

"The noise I hear, as of a distant commotion and outcry?"

"That is the Muezzin."

"What is that, Sir?"

"The call to prayer."

"Where are they?"

"Don't you see?"

"No, Sir."

"Look up to the minaret of that mosque there."

"Yes, I see two or three men walking about

there, pacing round the minaret in that little gallery."

"They are calling the Mahometans to prayer —this is the hour."

"It seems to me that they pray often. I see them praying in the streets, in the shops, and everywhere else. The other day I wanted to buy something and went to a store, and the man was praying. He took no notice of me, but went on until he had finished his devotions."

"It was proper, if he was sincere, that he should attend to God before you."

"What do the Mahometans believe, father?"

"I will tell you some other time, when we have a better opportunity."

"Won't you visit some of the mosques to-day?"

"Yes, if the rest of the party agree."

The gentlemen on being consulted agreed, and pursued their way to several of the most distinguished of these temples of Islam. The first was the mosque of Mohammed Ali, which they had visited before, and which they again entered with shoeless feet. Around the grand fountain in the centre of the court were several men washing themselves, and so singular were their manners that the attention of the younger members of the party was drawn to them.

"What are they doing?" asked Walter of Mr. Allston, who was walking with him.

"They are washing, preparatory to entering the mosque. A large part of the worship of the Mahometans consists of these ablutions."

The boys watched the devotees for some time and then followed on to the mosque, in admiration of which they were soon lost. On leaving this structure, they all went to the mosque of Sultan Hassan, where instead of going in with bare feet, they were provided with over-shoes of matting. They found the mosque to be well worth a visit, for its peculiar style of architecture which is very grand and imposing. The party would then have gone home, but Walter urged so hard that they concluded to see one more of the structures, and went to the mosque of Ahmed Ebn e' Tooloon, built in the year 879. This mosque contains two pillars which interested the boys very much. They had heard of them before, and no sooner had they entered than they began to search for them.

"Here they are," said Harry, after they had been searching for some time.

"Where?"

Harry pointed to two pillars standing on a pedestal, about seven and a half inches apart. It is said by the Mahometans that heaven is promised to all who can pass between these posts. The gentlemen soon coming up, Walter questioned them.

"Why did Mahomet promise heaven to all who should pass between these pillars, Mr. Tenant?"

"I don't know."

"Do you, father?"

"It is supposed that the promise was made to encourage temperance in eating and drinking; the prophet supposing that the most abstemious only could go through."

"Then if we go through, we shall receive the prophet's heaven?"

"Yes, if his promise was worth anything."

"Who shall try first? Go it, Harry."

Harry went through with perfect ease, saying, "There, I knew I could. Now try, Walter."

Walter passed the test, and went through.

"Now try, father."

Mr. Percy, who was somewhat portly, tried, but could not succeed, and soon gave it up. Mr. Allston, who was a thin, spare man, found no difficulty. Dr. Forrestall, who was the stoutest man of the party, would not try it — it was no use. Mr. Damrell went through; Mr. Dunnallan failed. Mr. Tenant took off his coat, and very nearly squeezed himself through. He was a determined man, and was bent on doing it, but the attempt was vain. He could *almost* do it.

"There, there, one more effort and you are

through," enthusiastically cried Walter, clapping his hands.

"Squeeze a little harder — now, there — hip!" shouted Harry.

But Mr. Tenant failed, declaring that he could go through, if he had one rib less. Mr. Butterworth got through with much difficulty, but declared that he cared not a fig for the prophet's promise or his paradise.

This trial furnished the boys, and the gentlemen as well, with much amusement, and for many days after, Mr. Tenant was joked for his unsuccessful endeavor to get through.

The guide who was with the party at this time, pointed out a stone, under which he said Gabriel hid the Koran, and where Mahomet found it.

"Do you believe that, father?" asked Walter.

"No, child."

"Do the Mahometans esteem the Koran as we do the Bible?"

"More highly, I think. Among them there is none of the irreverence which we often see with the Bible. The book itself is kept with the greatest reverence. None but the pure are allowed to read it, and when the Moslems hear it, they always put themselves in devout and reverential positions."

"Have you ever seen the Koran?"

"Yes, I have read it, and there is a copy in my library at home."

"Oh, I shall read it with so much interest when I return home."

The party now left the mosque, and on getting out, found some donkeys, which they mounted, and went trotting about the city. It was wonderful to Walter to see how the boys could endure so much fatigue. They would follow the rider hour after hour without seeming to be weary, and at times the donkey would give out entirely, while the boy would be fresh and vigorous. Walter remembered to have read what was written by an intelligent physician who travelled here, concerning these men and boys, and afterward repeated it to Harry, somewhat as follows: "The drivers run from morning till night, thumping and pricking the animals every few steps, keeping up without apparent fatigue. I have known a driver stop on the way to drink a cup of coffee, and, perhaps, afterwards smoke a pipe, while the donkeys were going off at a satisfactory speed, trotting and galloping alternately; and yet he would come on, running in a hotter sun than we have in July, without any appearance of unusual exertion or fatigue. They fare poorly, — breakfasting on a loaf of soft millet bread, and drinking water. They rarely taste meat; and the only stimulus they ever indulge

in is a small cup of coffee, the size of half an egg-shell, made thick as chocolate, and without sugar or milk." The same physician remarked, — though Walter did not recollect it, — that his observations on this class of men had convinced him that the coarser the diet, and the more actively the muscles are employed, the freer they are from organic derangements, from chronic affections, and the liability to acute diseases.

As they rode along they saw a boy in the hands of the officers. A crowd was following on behind, and the poor lad was weeping and wailing as if his heart would break. The sympathy of Walter was quickly enlisted, and he wanted to follow, but his father would not allow him. With great reluctance he was drawn away.

A new object soon drew his attention, and he rode up to the door of a house, followed by Harry.

"What is this, Harry?"

"A bear-garden, I should think."

The room had grated windows, and was about twenty-five feet square. In the centre sat a man on a mat, and around him some thirty or forty children. The man had a long palm-leaf stick in his hand, and every now and then he would lay it without mercy over the heads and shoulders of the children, who were all talking or reading aloud. Some of the boys had little

pieces of board in their hands, which they seemed to be using for slates.

"Whack! whack! whack!" went the long stick.

"What a brute!" cried Walter.

"Whom does he remind you of?" asked Harry.

"Of nobody that I know."

"He reminds me of somebody I know."

"Who?"

"Of old Falkner."

"That is too bad, Harry."

"No, it is not."

"Mr. Falkner is a kind man, and both of us owe him much. But is it possible that this is a school?"

"It can't be anything else."

"How amused Mr. Falkner, our good old teacher, would be to see this!"

The gentlemen, who had been purchasing some fez caps opposite, now came over, and stood looking into the school, for such it proved to be — an Egyptian school. The teacher became indignant at being thus observed, and came and drew some blinds, and shut them out, and they drove off.

That our boy-readers may contrast the schools of Egypt with those at home, we present a picture drawn by another hand. A traveller in Cairo

happened to come to the windows of one of these schools just as a boy was about being punished, and punishment it was — stingingly severe. "A large boy," he says, "sat in front of the master, reeling to and fro while reciting from memory, and crying bitterly at the same time, which particularly caught my attention. I therefore stood watching him. The retention of the lad's memory was perfectly surprising. He neither hesitated, stammered, nor omitted a word; still the big tears rolled down his ruddy cheeks. I became impatient to ascertain the cause. When the recitation came to an end, the master seized him by the collar, back of his neck, with the ferocity of a tiger, and jerked him on his face. The boy struggled, as though it were for life. At the same moment, a stalwart Arab, from a remote corner, flew to the spot, and seized the legs of the resisting prisoner, — bringing with him a stick the size of his wrist, strung with two cords. As it fell on the floor, it bore some resemblance to an ox-yoke — the cords entering by both ends, like the bows. I saw the object was to put the culprit's ankles into the loops, draw one end, and thus hold both feet in a vice. The violence of the struggle, and the savage determination of the two men, was exciting in the highest degree, — all my sympathies being roused in behalf of the resisting child. . They had not

fairly subdued him, when one of them happened to raise his eyes, and, for the first time, saw me. He let go his hold, and slunk back, muttering something, it was presumed, about hated Frank. All three were afraid, perhaps, of the evil eye. The urchin was quickly on his feet, and walked to his place. I remained a while longer, with a spirited determination to give them the full influence of a stare. This incident led me to believe that infractions of the teachers' laws are severely punished by the bastinado. The instrument for binding the feet was precisely like one which we saw in one of the courts."

They reached the hotel in season for dinner, and found Minnie and her mother, who came out with them in the morning, but who returned several hours before, awaiting them, and soon they were all seated at the table, the boys having a most excellent appetite.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CITY OF THE SUN.

"RAP! Rap! Rap!" sounded on Walter's door early one morning.

"Who is there?"

"Let me in, Walter," and Minnie's cheerful voice rung through the room.

"Won't you wait until we get up?"

"A'n't you up yet? The sun has been up an hour."

"No matter; the sun gets up so early that we can't be guided by it here."

"Well, get up, sluggard."

"Don't call me harsh names. People that live in glass houses should not throw stones."

"But you must get up;—is Harry dead?"

"Not quite."

"What keeps the boy so quiet?"

"Oh, I a'n't half awake," answered Harry. "Walter kept me awake half the night talking."

"Terrible lad, he is! He stuffs his head full of sights all day, and then talks about them all

night. But get up, we want to be off in the cool of the day."

"Off where?"

"I don't know, but it is to some outlandish place."

"What name?"

"He — Heli — Heli something."

"Oh, I know, — Heliopolis."

"That is the place."

"Shall we have a good time?" asked Harry.

"Yes; — tell father we will be on hand soon."

It had been decided that the party should go to Heliopolis that day, and at an early hour two very pretty barouches drove to the door and they all entered, amid a crowd of gaping, staring Egyptians. The young travellers were very much amused at the way in which they left the city. A courier went before them, — a forerunner, as in ancient times, ran on foot about one hundred yards ahead of the first carriage. He wore a red fez cap, to which was attached a huge blue silk tassel. His loose trousers were tied at the knee, and his feet were bare. In his hand was a monstrous horsewhip, with which he lashed dogs and donkeys, and even men and women, who happened to be in the way. Right in the middle of the street he ran, cracking his whip and lashing objects on both sides of him; and uttering a strange, peculiar cry, he hurried

on. This forerunner is necessary, as in many of the streets two vehicles cannot pass each other, and some one must be in advance to see that the way is clear.

They were soon out in the open country, and passing the tombs of the Mameluke kings, drove on towards the site of the ancient City of the Sun.

"Why do you called it the City of the Sun?" asked Walter.

"That is the Greek meaning of the word Heliopolis."

"What took place there?"

"There was then a temple of the sun, which was a most magnificent structure. The city was also the university city of Egypt, as Cambridge is of England. Joseph married his wife at this place, which is sometimes in Scripture called 'On', and sometimes Bethshemesh."

"What was the name of Joseph's wife?"

"Asenath, and her father was priest or ruler at On."

"Here is something we must see," said Mr. Tenant, speaking from the rear carriage.

"What?" asked Walter.

"This well."

They had come to one of the wells which abound in Egypt, by which the country is fertil-

ized. These wells are very large, and the water is raised by means of a wheel which is turned by a cow.

A long string of earthen jars is moved up and down by means of the wheel, each of which will hold about a gallon. The jars go down bottom up, and ascend by the revolution, filled, and as they turn to go down again they pour their contents into troughs or viaducts which carry the water into the fields. These wells are found everywhere in Egypt; and often concealed by foliage, their peculiar creaking sound can be heard, making music over all the land. Riding on a little farther they came to some men ploughing in the fields. Mr. Butterworth, wishing to see the plough, which was a very rude affair, went into the field, and taking the instrument from the furrow examined it very carefully, and when he returned to the carriages, gave Walter a very minute description of it, which the lad afterwards wrote out in his Journal. Soon they came to a threshing floor, and leaving the carriages they went over and examined the process of threshing the grain. The floor was the trampled, hardened earth. The threshing instrument was a machine having several rollers armed with circular iron knives which cut the grain, and mashed the stalk, and Walter declared it a most absurd way of getting the grain out. This

machine was driven by oxen or cows that swept around in a circle, driven by an Egyptian who sat on the machine.

"Here we are at Heliopolis," said Mr. Percy.

"Where is it?" asked Minnie.

"Here!"

"I don't see any city."

"What do you see?"

"A deep well, a grove of mulberry-trees, one of which Harry is shaking already, and a single tall obelisk."

"This is all there is of the city."

"And did we come out so far to see this, and nothing more?"

"We have been seeing all the way along, and this spot is of much interest."

"Not to me, Pa; so I'll go and help Harry pick mulberries," and off she ran.

Walter was more interested in the locality. He wanted to know all about the old city. His father told him all that was known; that the origin of the place was lost in the remotest antiquity; that it came to maturity and began to decline at least six hundred years before Christ came into our world; that it was famed for its universities, in whose halls Solon, Eudoxus, and Plato studied.

"And what is this shaft?"

"It is supposed to be a part of the ancient

Temple of the Sun, and is inscribed with the name of Osirtasen I."

"Who was he?"

"Not much is known about him, but he is supposed to be the king who ruled when Joseph came down to Egypt."

"I thought his name was Pharaoh?"

"*Pharaoh* is the Egyptian word for king. Every king was a pharaoh; it was a title rather than a name."

"Oh, yes, I understand. The same as 'czar' is the name by which the emperors of Russia are known to us."

"Yes. 'Czar' means king or lord, and as the title of the emperor dates from the sixteenth century."

Thus conversing about the history of the place, the father and son spent an hour. Mr. Percy took a seat by the well, and enjoyed the cool shade. Harry and Minnie paid attention to the mulberries, which were ripe and delicious. The rest of the party wandered about in other directions as their tastes inclined them.

On their return home they came to a beautiful garden full of roses, in the centre of which was a tree, towards which attention was soon directed.

"What of that old tree?" asked Minnie.

"It is Mary's tree," replied her mother.

"I don't know any better now."

"It is said that this tree is two thousand years old; that when Joseph and Mary fled with the infant Saviour into Egypt, the Virgin Mother rested here while her babe slept."

"How old is it?"

"I cannot tell."

"What kind of a tree is it?"

"The sycamore."

"What is the time required to bring such a tree to maturity?"

"It takes several centuries to bring the sycamore to perfection, and the maturity of this tree passed long ago."

"It may have been, then, the same tree under which the mother of Christ sat."

"It *may* have been, but the thing is very improbable. However, as you are told so, you need not trouble yourself with doubts, as nothing depends on it but the story."

"See, mother, what are Walter and Harry doing?"

"Measuring the tree."

"How much does it measure, Harry?"

"Walter can tell you; he has the figures."

"It measures," said Walter, "twenty-four feet in circumference; its branches overhang a diameter of about fifty feet, and its tallest branches are more than seventy feet high, if I can judge right."

"What is Harry climbing up into it for?"

The question was not answered, but the reason was soon very obvious, for the boy was at work vigorously cutting his name in one of the branches.

"Walter," he cried.

"What say?"

"There are thousands of names here, cut on all the limbs. There is scarcely a spot on any of the lower branches where room is left for a dozen words. Several Americans have left their names here. Shall I cut yours?"

"Yes, if you please."

"And mine, too," said Minnie.

"Come, come, we are ready to start," called out Mr. Percy.

Just as they were leaving the garden, a woman who seemed to have charge of the premises came and gave each of them a beautiful bouquet. Minnie soon picked hers to pieces, but Walter pressed his between the leaves of a book, and has it to this day.

From the garden they rode back to Cairo. Minnie amused herself as they rode along, in watching the women, who were dressed in a most amusing style. The little girl was very much surprised that they should all have their faces covered, not with a veil as our ladies, but with a thick cloth, covering everything but the eyes.

"They look like walking ghosts," she said.

"I cannot tell whether they are pretty or homely," said Walter.

"I cannot tell whether they are black or white," added Harry. "All I can see is two bright, piercing black eyes."

Just as they were entering the gates, the carriages stopped, and Mr. Percy bought of a woman one of the veils, which had attached to it some gilt nose ornaments, at which the young folks made themselves quite merry.

"Minnie, just listen," said Walter.

"To what?"

"While I read a description, in this book, of these veiled Egyptian women, by a late traveller through this region."

"Read on. Don't be long about it."

"'Very many Levantine females were riding on donkeys, astride, enveloped in monstrous black silk cloaks. Their knees being raised to a level with the pommel of the saddle, and the cloaks immensely inflated by the wind, their appearance, preceded by a black slave, cracking a whip to clear the way, was indescribably ludicrous. Their faces were covered to the eyes with white veils, suspended from the middle of the forehead, — a cord coming down on a line with the nose, from a band that crosses the head. Some have a series of short brass tubes, strung

together, constituting a heavy chain, to sustain the weight of the veil. Levantines are those born in Egypt, or the East, of foreign parentage. Many of them are Christians, who conform to some of the peculiar institutions of the Mahometans. Wearing a veil is a custom as old as the days of Abraham, and, no doubt, of a more remote antiquity. Some of the ladies had fair complexions; but a majority were rather sallow, with piercing black eyes, short in stature, and fat. Even the black female slaves, who accompany them in riding or walking, were veiled in the same manner. It was sometimes difficult to determine what the color of the individual was, so closely were the corners of the veil drawn down. Little girls — ragged, barelegged, and scarcely covered to hide their nakedness — begin at eight and nine years to resort to the veil, which demonstrates the deep and abiding force of the custom.. An occasional mishap exposes the face, but rarely; and some, indicating a natural coquetry of the sex, raise one side, exposing one eye, either for a better view for themselves, or for exhibiting the antimonial lines of beauty they have made about the margins of the eyelids.'"

"That is a good description, Bub, of what we have seen, only we could not tell whether the women are of fair complexion or not."

"We must guess at that from the eyes."

The carriages now stopped suddenly, almost jerking the occupants out, and they found themselves in front of the *Hotel d' Orient.*

"Dinner ready," said an English servant — for such are found, even in Egypt.

"So are we," answered several of the company.

Leaving them in preparation for dinner, we let the party take care of themselves, while with the reader we turn to another chapter, in which the story of the Pyramids is told.

CHAPTER X.

CLIMBING THE PYRAMIDS.

It is quite an exploit to climb the pyramids which have stood so long amid the sands of the desert. The whole party had looked forward to it with much pleasure, and when the morning came for the excursion, they were all up, and had breakfasted, and were in the saddle long before sunrise. It was arranged that Mrs. Percy and Minnie should ride out with the others, and see the monster piles, and rest at the base in care of the guide, while the party should go up. Walter had the "Yankee Doodle donkey," and Harry had "Snooks," while the others were all well mounted. They drove leisurely through the city, — by the granaries erected by Joseph, so they were told,—until they reached the Nile. Here a large boat was chartered to take the whole party over. She was an awkward, clumsy thing, and Walter named her "The Constitution." A plank was laid from the shore to the boat, and the donkeys driven in; then the donkey-boys were embarked, then our party got aboard. The Arabs yelled,

the donkeys brayed, and the boys shouted, and after a great deal of trouble the shapeless vessel started. Partly with sail, and partly with oars, the other side was gained in almost an hour, the boat having passed by the island Rhoda, where, tradition says, the ark in which Moses was put by his mother, was found by the daughter of Pharaoh. Of this island we shall have something to say elsewhere.

On reaching the other side, the donkeys were got out of the boat, and the party again mounted and rode ten or twelve miles from Cairo to the Pyramids. As they came near the structures, a crowd of men came running towards them, and offering their services as assistants in climbing to the top. But their offers were rejected. On arriving, terms were made with the sheik of Ghizeh who contracted that each traveller should have three men to help him up, and a boy to carry a jar of water; each assistant was to have a half-dollar, and the boy a quarter. A couch was made under the shadow of a rock for Mrs. Percy and Minnie, and the guide was charged to remain by them. Then three excellent Arabs were picked out for Walter, and three others for Harry. Mr. Tenant went up first, without much difficulty; Mr. Damrell followed. Then the two boys were started, and all reached the top in safety. Dr. Forrestall, Mr. Allston, and Mr.

CLIMBING THE PYRAMIDS.

Dunnallan had some trouble with their servants. Mr. Allston reached the top frightened half out of his senses, and one or two of the others were obliged to give *backshish* to the servants to get them along.

The reader may ask why it is so difficult to climb the Pyramids. A description will answer the question. The Pyramids stand on the very edge of the desert. The largest is called Cheops, and that our travellers ascended. There are three large, and three small, structures. Ranges of tombs, and the mysterious colossal Sphinx are near by. Cheops covers an area of 571,538 square feet; the length of each side is 756 feet: the original perpendicular height was 480 feet, but the upper 20 feet have been removed, leaving a level at the top about 30 feet square. The solid contents are 85,000,000 cubic feet. One traveller says: "Cheops would fill the whole length of Washington Square in New York, and exceed its breadth by one half, and would rise nearly 200 feet higher than the spire of Trinity Church." Another asks: "Have you ever stood in the centre of a twelve-acre lot? Mark off in your mind's plantation twelve acres, and cover the ground with layers of huge hewn stone, so nicely fitted that the joints can scarcely be discerned. Over this platform, but two feet within the outer edge, put on another layer, and another,

leaving but a single narrow passage into a few small chambers in the far interior of this immense mass, that rises by gradually diminishing layers as it ascends, till it reaches an apex twice the height of the loftiest church spire in New York, and you have some idea of the outer dimensions of the Great Pyramid." And one other who has waded in the sand around Cheops says, "that, taking a hundred New York churches of the ordinary width, and arranging them in a hollow square, twenty-five on a side, you would have scarcely the basement of this Pyramid. Take another hundred and throw in their material into the hollow square, and it would not be full. Pile on all the stone and brick of Philadelphia and Boston, and the structure would not be as high and solid as this greatest work of man. One layer of block was long since removed to Cairo for building purposes, and enough remains to supply the demands of a city of half a million of people for a century, if they were permitted freely to use it."

Up Cheops they went. The steps were often very narrow and the risers very high, and here the climbing was very fatiguing and dangerous. Our party went up at one corner, pursuing a zigzag course, and winding round the corner, back and forth as they ascended.

It is common for these Arabs to take a traveller

half way up, one hold of each hand, and the other pushing behind, and then demand *backshish*. The day before a party of Englishmen had gone up, and had given all the money they had about them, to be taken safely down. Mr. Percy had quite an experience going up, which we will relate. His Arab guides started up singing a sort of doggerel in broken English as follows:—

American gentleman, he very good,
He pay *backshish:*
American gentleman, go to the top of the pyramid,
He pay *backshish:*
American gentleman, go into the King's Chamber,
He pay *backshish:*
American gentleman, go into the Queen's Chamber,
He pay *backshish:*
American gentleman, see all there is to see,
He pay *backshish.*

When about one fourth the way up, they asked him to sit down and rest, declaring him to be the heaviest man they had ever taken up, at the same time asking for money. Not being disposed to yield to this demand, Mr. Percy sprang to his feet, and began leaping up the rocks almost without their assistance, determined to give them no occasion to complain of his extraordinary weight. But soon they wanted him to rest again, and on pretence of rubbing his legs to prevent lameness,

one of them began feeling for his pockets, and when his fingers fell on the gentleman's purse, he shouted: —

"Gold! gold! money! *backshish!*"

"No *backshish* for you."

"Give us *backshish.*"

"No, I will not."

"*Backshish! backshish!*"

"Not a penny."

"Money! gold! money!"

"No; we contracted with the sheik."

"*Backshish! backshish!*"

"If you don't go on I will go alone."

"Ah! ha! ha!"

"Yes, I will."

"Ah! ha! ha!"

Then they told him that a year before an Englishman had started up with them, and on their demand for money he would not pay it, and had started to go up alone, but on reaching a certain step which they pointed out, he fainted and fell, and dashing from ledge to ledge, rolled to the bottom a sightless, mangled mass of flesh. This recital they accompanied with violent gesticulations, approaching Mr. Percy with the greatest rapidity, as if they were about to cast him down. But they had overstepped the mark, and the account, instead of frightening him, enraged him, and thus did him good service. He found

that he was dealing with desperate characters, and feeling that his life was in danger, was roused to desperation. As coolly as he could, he took his revolver from his pocket, and put on some caps which he carried in his vest pocket, at the same time eying the scoundrels with as savage a glance as he could put on.

"Go up," he said.

"*Backshish.* A sovereign!"

"Go up. Not a penny!"

"Give *backshish!* — money."

"Not a farthing. Go up or I will shoot you!"

And there they sat for a moment eying each other, and then the fellows, giving him their hands, went muttering to the top. Mr. Percy had been ill for several days with complaints peculiar to the climate, and ought not to have ascended in that condition, and when he reached the top he experienced from the fatigue and excitement all the emotions of violent sea-sickness, which ended only when he had freely vomited.

When all the party had reached the summit they sang religious and patriotic songs, discharged their revolvers, and entered into various calculations of interest to themselves.

"Why were these pyramids erected?" asked Walter of Mr. Tenant.

"That is a hard question to answer. It is generally supposed that they were erected either to commemorate the victories of certain kings, or to be their tombs when dead."

"Do *you* think that the object of their erection?"

"It may have been that, but I think that some astronomical or other scientific design entered into the plan of the builder. This I judge from the position of the pyramids, and their bearings towards each other. But of that we will talk more at some other time.

The reader may like to know the opinion of a great astronomer and man of science. Some of the boys may have advanced far enough in their studies to understand a part, or the whole of what he says. Walter understood it very well when Dr. Forrestall quoted it, but Harry did not. Herschel says that, "At the date of the erection of the great Pyramid of Ghizeh, which precedes by 3,970 years (say 4,000) the present epoch, the longitudes of all the stars were less, by 55° 45′, than at present. Calculating, from this datum, the place of the pole of the heavens among the stars, it will be found to fall near α Draconis; its distance from that star being 3° 44′ 25″. This being the most conspicuous star in the immediate neighborhood, was therefore the pole-star at the epoch. And the latitude of

Ghizeh being just 30° north, and, consequently, the altitude of the north pole there also 30°, it follows that the star in question must have had, at its lower culmination, at Ghizeh, an altitude of 26° 15′ 35″. Now, it is a remarkable fact, ascertained by the late researches of Col. Vyse, that, of the nine pyramids still existing, all have narrow passages, by which alone they can be entered (all which open out on the northern faces of their respective pyramids), inclined to the horizon, downward, at angles as follows, in three of them —

Pyramid of Cheops,.....26° 41′.
Pyramid of Cephren,.....25° 55′.
Pyramid of Mycerinus,.....26° 02′.

"Of the two pyramids at Abousseir, also, which alone exist in a state of sufficient preservation to admit of the inclinations of their entrance-passages being determined, one has the angle 27° 5′, the other 20°. At the bottom of every one of these passages, therefore, the then *pole* star must have been visible at its lower culmination; — a circumstance which can hardly be supposed to have been unintentional, and was doubtless connected (perhaps superstitiously) with astronomical observations of that star, of whose proximity to the pole at the epoch of the erection of those wonderful structures, we are thus furnished with a monu-

mental record, of the most imperishable nature."

The descent from the pyramid was found to be very easy, and assisted by the guides they came leaping down the rocks with great speed, and were all glad to be safe again on the ground. The boys went up and came down more easily than the gentlemen, the guides not troubling them for *backshish*.

The next thing was to enter the pyramid. This was more disagreeable than climbing up on the outside. With lighted tapers they slid down a narrow passage, at such an angle that they came near breaking their necks. From this passage, eighty feet long, they came into a ruder one, and ascended to the great gallery, and finally reached the Chamber of the King, so called because it is supposed that Cheops there was laid to rest in the unceasing sleep. It is thirty-five feet long and seventeen wide, and what is supposed to be the sarcophagus is seven and a half feet long and three broad. Near by is a smaller room, called the Queen's Chamber, because there the wife of Cheops is supposed to have been laid. When they came out they were all covered with dust and lime.

"Who was Cheops," asked Walter of Mr. Butterworth.

"The supposed builder of this pyramid."

"Yes, Sir. I know that; but who was he?"

"A bloody Egyptian king, called sometimes Chemmis or Chembes, who reigned here fifty years."

"Did he build all the pyramids?"

"No. It was supposed his brother Cephren built the second."

"When was the entrance to this pyramid found?"

"By Caliph Mamoon in 820. He expected to find great treasure here."

"Did he find it?"

"No."

"Now, we will walk over, and see the Sphinx," said Mr. Percy, and soon they were viewing that wonder.

The young reader should know that the Sphinx is a human head carved out of the solid stone, sixty feet high, and the head being more than a hundred feet in circumference. It was probably an object of worship, but the silent lips refuse to tell us by whom, and when it was made. Walter was very much interested in the Sphinx, and paid a man a shilling to climb to the top of it, and when there he looked only like a pigmy.

Near by are ranges of tombs from which each of the boys brought away a bone as a relic, and among which they wandered for an hour, as

gratified as their older associates with what they saw.

Having spent several hours here, they remounted their donkeys, and headed by Minnie, who had walked all around Cheops, and who now dashed off ahead, turned towards Cairo. They crossed the Nile in the same manner as before, and reached *Hotel d' Orient* just as the sun was setting, very weary, but amply repaid for all the toils they had put forth. That night Walter, as he and Harry knelt before retiring, thanked his Heavenly Father more earnestly than usual, for the care which had spared him through that day of peril and of interest.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WONDERFUL RIVER.

"Oh, I wish!"

"Wish what, Walter?" answered his father.

"That we could go up the Nile."

"So do I."

"Why may we not?"

"It is too late in the season. The river is dangerous in hot weather."

"But we can take care of ourselves."

"No; none of the party would dare go up the river so late as this. It would be very dangerous, and I should not wish to lay my son beneath its waters."

"But, father, have you not faith in our Heavenly Father?"

"Yes, full faith in Him."

"Are not our lives in his hands?"

"Yes."

"Will He not protect us, then?"

"No, not if we rashly violate the laws of his natural kingdom."

"Perhaps not; but we need not violate any laws."

"The whole voyage would be a violation of law."

"Probably, you are right, and I must give it up; but tell me about the Nile."

"I should be glad to give you all the information in my power."

"I have heard that at certain seasons the river overflows its banks and inundates the country. How is that?"

"I will tell you. The river begins to rise in June, and steadily goes up until the middle of September, when it is found generally to have reached at Cairo a level of about twenty-five feet above the level whence it took its start."

"Doesn't it ever go over, or fall short of that?"

"Yes."

"And what is the consequence of that?"

"If the river does not rise more than two thirds the usual height, the land dries up, and the crops are cut off. Of course famine ensues. If the rise is several feet greater than usual, then the opposite result is seen. The crops are swept away, great damage is done to vines and trees, and towns are sometimes submerged."

"How are these inundations regulated?"

"You remember the island of Rhoda, which

we saw on the day we went to the Pyramids?"

"Yes, Sir."

"That island was formed by deposits of mud."

"It was?"

"Yes; but that is not what I was about to say. On that island is a nilometer."

"What is that?"

"The word is from two Greek words, which signify Nile and measure, and is what its name imports, an instrument to measure the Nile."

"How does it do that? What is the nilometer like?"

"It is a square well, in the centre of which is a graduated pillar, by which any person may know how high the water has risen, as the water in the well rises to the same height as that in the Nile."

"When the water rises, how is it controlled?"

"There are canals leading from the river, which are closed until the water reaches the proper height, and then they are opened, and the gushing streams flow over the land."

"Is the water good to drink?"

"Yes; you have had it on the table every day at the hotel."

"Ah! that is good!"

"Yes; when pure it is very sweet and good. In the river it looks turbid and yellow."

"You have spoken of the deposits."

"Yes; the Nile carries along with it a mud, which, when it overflows its banks, it deposits; and thus the farmer has his land manured as well as watered."

"Where does this come from?"

"Do you mean what is its source?"

"Yes, Sir."

"The source of the Nile is so far away that few have ever found it, and even now authorities would differ. Some of the Egyptians assert that it takes its rise in the Mountains of the Moon."

"What folly!"

"Far above here, in the province of Soudan, there is a junction of two streams. One of these is called the White Nile (Bahr-el-Abiad), and the other is known as the Blue Nile (Bahr-el-Azrek). A traveller who penetrated the wild country, found that one of these streams issued from three deep springs, more than 6,000 feet above the level of the sea."

"In what latitude and longitude?"

"Latitude 10° 59′ 25″, and longitude 36° 55 30″."

"Which stream is this?"

"The Blue Nile."

"Why is it so called?"

"Because the water is of a blue color, arising from the clay through which it passes; or, perhaps, as some scientific man has suggested, from the 'infusorial insects' that inhabit it."

"Stop, father, a moment, and let me look into my pocket-dictionary and see what that word means. I don't know."

"What word?"

"The one you have just used — *infusorial*."

"I might explain it, but you will be more likely to remember, if you look it up."

"Ah, here it is. I have found it."

"What is it?"

"'INFUSORIA.—Microscopic animals inhabiting water and liquids of various kinds, having no organs of motion except extremely minute hairs.' Then I understand infusorial matter to be an animal substance that cannot be detected by the eye, but has power to color the whole stream."

"Yes; that is about it. A microscope would reveal to us that this water is full of animal life," added Mr. Percy.

"Well, where does the White Nile come from?"

"Nobody knows. Its source has never been discovered, though some believe it arises from a great lake called Tanganyika. I don't know as you will be able to remember that hard word."

"I think I can, Sir."

"A boy who travels, or who reads books of travel, should accustom himself to fix names in his memory distinctly. Once there, there is not much danger of their being dislodged."

"You spoke about the Mountains of the Moon."

"Yes; I believe I did."

"Does anybody believe that this river has its source in the moon?"

"No; you did not understand me. Let me explain. Far above here is a range of mountains, called the 'Mountains of the Moon.'"

"Why so called?"

"That is a name given them by an eminent geographer in the second century, on account of their snowy whiteness."

"Oh, I thought there were some superstitious people who really believed that these waters flowed from the moon. I am glad of the correction."

"Some urge that among these mountains, and not in the lake, the river takes its rise."

"But have none ever tried to get at the source?"

"Yes; many have tried, but it is still a miracle of mystery."

"That explains what I read in Bayard Taylor's book on Central Africa."

"What did you read?"

"I remember distinctly of reading a passage which made so strong an impression on my memory that I think I can almost repeat it. He says in reference to some one who had been exploring the Nile, as near as I can recall his words: — 'The pictures which these recent explorations present to us, add to the stately and sublime associations with which the Nile is invested; and that miraculous flood will lose none of its interest when the mystery which veils its origin shall finally be dispelled. Although in standing upon the threshold of its vast realms, I felt that I had realized a portion of my dream, I could not turn away from the visions of those untrodden solitudes, crowned by the flashing streams of Kilimandjaro, the monarch of African mountains, without a pang of regret. Since Columbus first looked upon San Salvador, the earth has but one emotion of triumph left in her bestowal, and that she reserves for him who shall first drink from the fountains of the White Nile, under the snow-fields of Kilimandjaro."

"Very good, my son, you have a most excellent memory."

"It is of great service to me sometimes."

"Well, cultivate it, and commit to it things that are valuable, and it will be a blessing to you."

"About the island of Rhoda, father?"

"What about it?"

"You said it was formed of the mud that comes down the river."

"Yes; but you know it must have taken ages to have formed it. There are now palaces and gardens on the island."

"I noticed them as we passed."

"If you wish to see Rhoda, we will go over there. The other gentlemen will be engaged awhile, and your mother and sister are also busy this afternoon, but we can ride out, if you wish."

"Oh, certainly I do."

"Well, run and get ready."

"Can Harry go?"

"Yes; call him."

Harry was called, and one or two of the gentlemen who were not engaged agreed to join the party. Minnie, hearing of what was going on, also claimed the privilege of going, and Mrs. Percy kindly consented to do her daughter's work for her. They took a carriage and drove to the Nile, and crossing the water in a boat, were soon on the island, which they found to be a charming place. They were admitted into the gardens, saw the nilometer, already described, plucked flowers and gathered stones, and spent a very pleasant afternoon in wandering about the little island, which stands in the river like a bouquet in a salver of water.

"Do you say, father," asked Minnie, "that Moses was found here?"

"No, my daughter."

"I thought you did."

"No; I said that Egyptian travellers fix on this as the place where he was found."

"Is it probably the place?"

"I cannot tell. We know that he was found, and as tradition has fixed this spot, we might as well regard it as the place."

"Oh, how I should like to have been the daughter of Pharaoh!"

"Should you, my child? I thought you would rather be Mr. Percy's daughter."

"Oh, yes; I don't mean that. I love my dear father better than anybody else in the world except mother, but I would like to have found Moses."

"What would you have done with him, Sis?" asked Walter.

"Oh, I don't know; but it must have been *so* romantic!"

"Oho! romantic!"

"Yes, romantic; and the babe must have appeared so cunning when he looked up and smiled at the king's daughter."

"But he *didn't* look up and smile."

"How do you know? What did he do, Mr. Allston?"

"The Bible says — 'The babe wept.'"

"I didn't think of that."

"What could you have done with a crying baby, Min?" asked Harry.

"Just what the king's daughter did."

"What did she do?"

"Adopted him, of course."

"Fine girl, you are, talking about adopting children. You could find a thousand in the streets at home."

"Well, there would be nothing romantic about that."

"There it is again — *romantic!*" said Walter.

"Pa," asked the little girl, "what was the name of Pharaoh's daughter who found Moses?"

"I don't know, child."

"Do you, Mr. Tenant?"

"No; only I could guess."

"What could you guess?"

"It might have been Bridget, Polly, Susan, or — Minnie."

"Be still; you are plaguing me!"

"Then it might be Andromeda, Arsinoe, Sibyl, Fatima, Hypatia, Kha" —

"Oh, do stop, Mr. Tenant; you are humbugging me. There is Dr. Forrestall. I will ask him."

"What do you want to know?" asked that gentleman, approaching the high-spirited child.

"Who was Pharaoh's daughter? What was her name?"

"Which Pharaoh? Which daughter?"

"Oh, the daughter who found Moses."

"Her name, according to Josephus, was *Thermenthis*."

"A pretty name."

"A jaw-breaking one," said Harry; "hear how it sounds — Miss Thermenthis Pharaoh!"

"Come, children," said Mr. Percy, "you have had bantering enough, and it is time for us to return."

Resorting to the boat, they agreed with the boatmen to take them a few miles up the river, at which Walter was delighted. Slowly they floated on, and did not return until the shadows of night had shut down on the land, and dark and dismal was the ride through the cheerless, deserted, unlighted streets to the hotel, but at length they safely reached it, where they found other members of the party who had not gone with them quite anxious at their long absence. But all is well that ends well, so it is said.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CONTRACT WITH ACHMET.

When travellers journey in parties through Syria, they generally employ a dragoman, who provides for all their wants, finds tents, bedding, food, and the necessary guard. In no other way can a party go though Palestine with any economy or comfort. So common have Western travellers become in the East, that it has become quite a business to provide for them; and professional dragomans are found in all the large towns and cities, travelling hotel-keepers, who make journeying safe, easy, and expeditious. The young reader may like to know that the dragoman is literally an interpreter, but persons of this profession in the East not only act as interpreters, but as providers for parties. One of this class of men, Mohammed Achmet, had seen our company when they landed at Alexandria, and had followed them, as we have seen, to Cairo, offering — but not officiously — his services to them. The boys had often seen him, and had taken quite a fancy to him, and the gentlemen were pleased with his appearance, all of which has already been stated.

One day this man came in and said, "I have prepared for the tour, and now engage me."

"We are ready," replied Mr. Percy.

"Who write the paper?"

"What paper?"

"The paper that holds — you know."

"Oh, yes; the contract. We will have it ready this afternoon. Come in then."

The man retired, and one of the gentlemen, at the request of the others, wrote the following instrument: —

COVENANT.

"Articles of agreement, entered into between Messrs. Tenant, Percy, Forrestall, Butterworth, Damrell, Dunnallan, Allston, and others on one part, and Mohammed Achmet on the other part. *Witness:* That the said Mohammed Achmet shall accompany the opposite contractors, in a journey contemplated by them in Syria and Palestine; — that is to say, beginning at Joppa, or at any other convenient point on the coast of said country, — the day to be fixed by the first part, — visiting thereafter Jerusalem, the Jordan and Dead Sea, Bethel, Hebron, Bethlehem, Jericho, Nazareth, Carmel, Sea of Galilee, Damascus, and Beyroot; any or all of said places, and all other places which the convenience and pleasure of said company shall dic-

tate, as their dragoman; the said Mohammed Achmet agreeing to furnish, for the comfort and pleasure of said company, three large new tents, a sufficient number of good and safe horses, caparisoned and equipped; to convey all their luggage in a safe and accessible way; to furnish good and sufficient food and drink for the journey, well prepared for consumption; iron bedsteads for each and all of said company, and bedding; to furnish a sufficient and substantial military guard, to defend from the perils of the journey, against robbers or dangers of that description; to pay all their fares at hotels or other places of entertainment; to furnish all *backshish* for the journey, etc., etc.

"It is the meaning and intention of the foregoing that said Mohammed Achmet shall well and truly supply all the wants of such a journey, as a faithful dragoman, interesting himself in behalf of said party, to save them from any unnecessary expense. It is also understood that said journey shall consume at least twenty-five days, and that, should the pleasure or convenience of the party extend the time beyond the twenty-five days, the said Mohammed Achmet agrees to continue with them, as herein described, at the same price per diem, — as is stipulated per diem, — for the said twenty-five days.

"In consideration of which service the said con-

tractors of the first part, each agree to pay the said Mohammed Achmet the sum of twenty francs per diem — French currency: one moiety on or before the day of sailing from Alexandria, and the other at the termination of said journey.

> "In witness whereof we, the above-named parties, have appended our names severally at Cairo on this, the thirtieth day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one."

This covenant was then carefully read aloud by Dr. Forrestall.

"That will hold the Arab, if he is as tricky as a fox, Doctor," said Mr. Tenant.

"It could not have been done better, if a lawyer had drawn it up," remarked Mr. Percy.

"But there are some parties not named in it who are interested," said Walter.

"Who, pray?" inquired the Doctor.

"Walter Percy and Harry St. Clair, Esquires, at your service, Sir."

"Oh, we will smuggle you along."

"We think you are of no account," added Mr. Tenant.

"Father don't think so, from the way I draw on him for money."

"No; you are an expensive fellow," said his father.

"But, seriously, father, how do you expect *we* shall be able to get along?"

"We will make an arrangement that you and Harry shall go on the same terms, and perhaps we shall want to admit other persons into the company."

"Any way, only so that we go."

"Rap! rap! rap!"

"Open the door, Walter."

Walter did as he was bid, and Mohammed came in. They read the document to him, and he professed himself satisfied, and proposed that they should go at once to the American consul, and have the thing signed before him. They went to his office, which was near by, but it was just three minutes after the consul's business hour, and he told them he could do nothing for them until the next day.

"But it will take but a moment to witness the signature," urged Mr. Tenant.

"Business hours are over."

"But, Sir, we wish to be away to-morrow, before business hours commence," added Mr. Butterworth.

"I never do business out of hours."

"But you would oblige us very much," said Mr. Damrell.

"Gentlemen, did you not see a placard on my gate?"

"Yes."

"What did it say?"

"'Office open at ten o'clock A. M., and closed at four P. M.'"

"Is it not after four o'clock?"

"Yes; three minutes."

"Then I can do no business to-day. Good-day, gentlemen."

So they were obliged to wait until the next day, and then, as soon as business hours had arrived, they went to the office again. The gentlemen all signed the paper in the presence of the consul, and the dragoman took out a seal, and dipping it in ink stamped it on the paper. The consul then added his certificate that it had been signed and sealed in his presence, and charged a fee of two dollars and fifty cents therefor.

The party then returned to the hotel, and very soon after the dragoman came again, having a gayly dressed Arab with him.

"Who is this, Mohammed?" asked Mr. Percy.

"Abdalluh."

"And who is Abdalluh?"

"My partner — he go with us."

"All right, bring him in."

Abdalluh was a fine looking Arab, as clean and neat as if he had just attired himself, and his appearance was greatly liked by all. His face

was covered with smiles, and he seemed to be a most amiable and good-natured creature.

"Have you engaged a cook," asked one of the gentlemen.

"Yes, Sir."

"What is his name?"

"Hassan — yes, here is his card."

Mohammed handed to Mr. Percy a coarse piece of paper, on which was printed the following: —

MOHAMMED HASSAN SENARI,

A COAK

And Travelling Servant.

Harry looked over Mr. Percy's shoulder and laughed.

"What is the matter, Harry?" whispered Walter.

"He's a coak, Walter."

"A what?"

"A coak — what is that?"

Mohammed was profuse in his praises of the cook, declared him to be as good as any in Egypt, — and the party afterwards thought he was as good as any in Europe.

"Well, Mohammed, who else have you got to go with us on this journey?"

"Hallile."

"Who is he?"

"A table-servant — a Nubian."

"A good fellow, is he?"

"Oh, yes, very nice man; do all you want him to do — black boots, set table, bring water, prick donkey, hold you head if you sick — do anything."

"Well, whom else have you got?"

"No more from here; get more men, guard, and all we want in Joppa."

"Where do you find horses?"

"In Joppa."

"Are you sure you can get them there without trouble and delay?"

"Yes, Sah, horses enough — plenty, plenty horses. I go to a man and say, 'I am Mohammed Achmet,' and he let me have all the horses I want."

"Your name must have considerable power."

"Yes, Sah, it has; for everybody know I am dragoman — Mohammed Achmet."

"Where are the tents and camp equipage?"

"The tents are being made, and to-morrow you go to the Red Sea, and when you come back I have the tents all pitched out in front of the hotel, so that you can see all."

"Ah, that is right; I think you will serve us very well."

"I try."

"There are two boys, Mohammed, that are to go with us, whose names are not in the covenant."

"Yes, Sah."

"I will pay you the same for each of them that I pay for myself, and they are to fare like the rest."

"Yes, Sah."

"They must have good beds."

"Oh, good beds — plenty, plenty, plenty."

"And good horses."

"Horses plenty."

"And if we wish any other gentleman to join the party, he is to come in on the same terms."

"Yes, Sah."

"Of course the more there are of us the better it will be for you."

"Yes, Sah, I understand, you be my gentleman. You say 'Mohammed do this,' and I do it. If any other gentlemen join the party, they eat, sleep, ride, like the rest, but you be my gentleman — you say 'do,' and I do."

"That is it. We hire you, and you are to take your orders from us — that is what you mean?"

"Yes, Sah."

"All right, we will have no trouble with you on that."

"But, Sah, I see two dames belong to your company."

"Two what?"

"Two dames — women; what you call 'em?"

"Oh, yes, two women — they belong to me."

"You two wives; one old wife, and one young wife?"

"No," said Mr. Percy laughing, "no man in our country has two wives."

"I recollect — poor people!"

"The elder of these is my wife, and the younger my daughter."

"What do with them? — no room in tents."

"Oh, we will take care of them. They are not to accompany us to Syria. They will embark with us on board the steamer at Alexandria, and instead of stopping at Joppa will keep on in the steamer, and spend the time in visiting a missionary family in Beyroot, and we shall join them there."

"All right, Sah."

"It is rather a pity we cannot take ladies with us," remarked Mr. Tenant. "We shall all miss Mrs. Percy so much; and I am sure I can hardly get along without my little chatterbox Minnie."

"I would like to have them go with us, but Mrs. Percy could not stand the fatigues of the horseback ride through the country. Unac-

customed to such exercise, I should fear that she would break down under it. Besides, she has no great desire to go. She anticipates more pleasure in her visit to Beyroot. As to Minnie, she could ride as well as Walter, but it would not do to separate her from her mother. She is reconciled to it."

"Ladies very frequently go through the country on horseback, and many of them enjoy tent-life very well. I have conversed with several who say they were charmed with the excursion."

"Dear Father," said Minnie, entering at that moment, "I am repenting."

"If you have done wrong you ought to repent. But of what are you repenting?"

"That I relinquished the idea of going with you into Syria."

"You were wise in coming to the conclusion that you did. When we started from home I had no idea that you would go the whole round with us."

"Oh, how could you be so cruel as to deliberately plan leaving us to the savages, while you go on and enjoy yourself."

"The savages will not be on the excellent steamer, but in Syria. We leave you to keep you out of the reach of savages and barbarous customs."

"But it seems to me that I must see Jerusalem."

"Would you leave your mother to go on to Beyroot alone?"

"She is to have the company of a family which we saw at Alexandria, you know."

"Yes; but will she not want her little girl with her?"

"I know she will; but, Pa, just think!"

"I am thinking."

"Just think! Here I am almost within sight of the 'City of the Great King,' and am forced to sail right by without looking at it."

"Well, I know it is disagreeable, but best."

"Disagreeable, Pa; it is provoking, it is awful."

"A great many things are awful to my little girl, which are really for her good."

"I suppose I must agree, and had better do it with good grace, but I have a very 'naughty think' about it."

Thus it was settled, that while the gentlemen should take a tour of twenty-five days or more in Syria, Mrs. Percy and Minnie, in company with an English family, whose acquaintance she had made in Alexandria, should proceed to Beyroot, where they would find a home and resting-place in an American family, connected with the Mission, the lady of whom had been a warm personal friend of Mrs. Percy years before. This course was deemed wise and best, for the

considerations suggested in the conversation just given between Mr. Percy and his daughter, who, always having been accustomed to equestrian exercises at home, did not think it would be at all arduous to ride a month over the hills and through the valleys of the Holy Land.

CHAPTER XIII.

CROSSING THE DESERT OF SUEZ.

On the morning after the contract was made, the party started in the cars for Suez, a town on the Red Sea. The car in which they rode was full of pilgrims going to Mecca. The two boys and Minnie were very much opposed to going by rail. It would take off, they thought, much of the romance and poetry of the desert. They plead with the gentlemen to go on camels in the olden way. But as it would take a long time, and be a very tiresome ride, it was considered better to trust to locomotive power than to camel speed.

The journey was enlivened by conversation and singing. Mohammed, the dragoman, who had concluded to go with them, gave them much information about the country, and the manners and customs of the people.

"I pity Mr. Allston," said Mohammed.

"Why?" asked Mr. Butterworth.

"He must be so unhappy."

"Why?"

"He has no wife."

"No, he is not unhappy on that account. He is one of the most cheerful men of the party."

"He must be very poor not to have any wife."

"We do not judge of a man's wealth in America by his wives."

"We do in Egypt."

"That is a singular way to judge."

"If a man be very poor, he have one wife; if he is worth a house, he has two; and if rich, he has five, ten, thirty wives."

"Have you a house?"

"Yes, an elegant house in Alexandria, with a very large garden."

("The fellow lies," whispered Harry to Walter aside.)

"You must go and see it when we get to Alexandria."

"I would like to," continued Mr. Butterworth.

"I will show you orange-trees, and flowers, and a garden very beautiful, and house very grand."

("He lies again," whispered Harry.)

"How many wives have you?"

"Two: one a poor one, and one a rich one."

"What do you mean by that?"

"One brought me much money, the other none. I am going to have another."

"When I go to your house I shall see them."

"No! no! no!"

"Why not?"

"We never let anybody see our wives."

"Why not?"

"It is not good," replied he, glancing at Mrs. Percy, who smiled at the look of pity he cast on her.

"But if we go to your house and look about the garden, they will see us."

"No."

"How can you help it?"

"They will be shut up in the chamber."

"They may look out of the window?"

"No."

"But if they do, what then?"

"I beat them with this stick," holding up a long palm-tree stick.

"But you don't beat your wives, do you?"

"Yes; when they don't mind me. I beat the poor one very much. She brought me nothing."

"But the rich one?"

"I beat her but little."

"But that is all wrong."

"What is all wrong?"

"For a man to beat his wife."

"What! you say a man have no right to beat his wife when she don't mind him?"

"Yes; we think it wrong to do so in America."

"America a very bad country. I would not live there."

"If I was his wife I would like to see him beat me," whispered Minnie to Harry.

"What would you do?"

"I'd tear every hair out of his head."

"A woman's mode of fighting, I believe, Minnie," said Mr. Tenant in an undertone.

"Women *don't* fight, Mr. Tenant."

"Don't?"

"No; none that I ever saw. But I want to hear what that barbarian says to Mr. Butterworth."

"Has Abdalluh any wives, Mohammed?"

"Yes, Sah. Abdalluh rich — he have five wives."

"Do they all live together?"

"No."

"Where do they live?"

"One is at Alexandria — one at Cairo — one up the Nile — the others I don't know where they are. He knows."

The young reader had better be told here that polygamy — or a plurality of wives — is common in all Mahometan countries. The people do not think it wrong for a man to have as many wives as he can support. And often the man is supported by the wives — they doing the work while he smokes his pipe and lounges about, doing

nothing. A man will take several wives, doing nothing for them, but going to them now and then — as they are located in different places — to take their earnings for his own support.

While the above conversation was going on, the cars were passing through the land of Goshen — a region of country given by Pharaoh to the descendants of Jacob. It is a very fruitful and pleasant land; but the people loved liberty, and God ordained their freedom, and they left their homes and went out into the wilderness to wander in search of a country where they could be free. Mr. Percy gave the children an account of the Hebrews, which added much to the interest of the ride, and there was not one of the party who did not look upon that pleasant country with more interest in consequence of the comments made.

Getting beyond Goshen, they came into the dreariness of the Great Desert. Nothing but sand could be seen as far as the eye could see; now rolled up into mountains, like drifts of snow, and anon stretching out in one wide, flat, scorched plain.

"How high are those sand-hills, Father?" asked Walter.

"I should judge them to be a hundred feet."

"Are they permanent?"

"No, always shifting; and I am told that this

sand rolls about as snow does in winter, in New England. Sometimes it sweeps down upon this track, delaying the cars for days."

"That is curious."

"Hallo! hurrah!" shouted Harry, who was looking out.

"What is it?" asked a half-dozen voices.

"A water-spout."

"Nonsense!" said Dr. Forrestall. "A water-spout in the desert!"

"It looks like it, at any rate."

"How do you know? Have you ever seen one?"

"No, no; but I have read of them."

"It is, it is," cried Minnie.

On looking out, the gentlemen saw — not a water-spout, but a sand-spout — a column of sand, from fifty to seventy feet high, wheeling along, dancing up and down, now ahead of the cars, and then behind them. They saw it for nearly an hour as they rode along. It was about a half-mile distant, but so clear is the atmosphere that it seemed much nearer. They were all very much interested in it, and a very pleasant conversation occurred in relation to the phenomenon.

"While you have been talking with Mohammed about his wives," said Mr. Dunnallan, "I have been reading about these sand-pillars."

"In what book?" asked Walter.

"'Travels in the Amoor,' by Atkinson."

"I have never read it."

"It is a very interesting volume, and the author speaks of the very thing you are now looking at."

"Oh, do read to us what he says," asked Minnie.

"If you two boys will come up close to me, so that I shall not be obliged to read very loud, and if Minnie will promise not to interrupt me until I get through, I will read a short passage."

"Ho! did you ever know me to interrupt anybody?" asked the child indignantly.

"No matter, I will read:—'I have often witnessed a phenomenon on the sandy plains of Central Asia, which accounts in some measure for the innumerable sandy mounds that are found in some regions. When seen at a distance for the first time, it made a strong impression upon my mind. About twenty pillars were in view, wheeling round and licking up the sand. As they passed along, a cloud of dust was raised on the ground, apparently eight or ten yards in diameter. This gradually assumes the form of a column that continued to increase in height and diameter as it moved over the plain, appearing like a mighty serpent rearing its head aloft, and twisting its huge body into contortions in his efforts to ascend. The pillars were of various

sizes, some twenty or thirty feet high, others fifty, sixty, and one hundred feet, and some ascended to nearly two hundred feet. As the whirlwinds began gathering up the dust, one might have fancied that antediluvian monsters were rising into life and activity. The smaller ones seemed to trip it lightly over the plain, bending their bodies in graceful curves as they passed each other. While those of larger dimensions revolved with gravity, swelling out their trunks as they moved onward, till the sandy fabric suddenly dissolved, forming a mound, and creating a cloud of dust that was swept over the desert.'"

By this time the sand-spout was out of sight, and a half-hour was spent in conversation about it. All at once Mr. Tenant started up, with an exclamation which arrested the attention of all.

"Too bad! too bad!"

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Damrell, who sat beside him, and who was about upset by the violence with which Mr. Tenant rose to his feet.

"Matter, matter enough!"

"What is it?"

"Careless man!"

"Who? You, or the rest of us?"

"Myself, of course."

"Do tell us what the trouble is," said Mr. Percy.

"Why, I have left my money-belt under the pillow of my bed in the hotel at Cairo."

"Bad. How much did you have in it?"

"Seven hundred dollars in English gold!"

("Lucky it wasn't us, Harry," said Walter; "we never should hear the last of it. Don't you remember how Mr. Butterworth left his purse under his pillow in his berth on board the steamer? Lucky it wasn't us.")

"What can I do?" asked Mr. Tenant.

"Why, you can stop at the next station, and telegraph to Cairo."

This was agreed upon, and the conductor, on being consulted, consented to stop long enough for the despatch to be forwarded. When the next station was reached, the despatch was sent, and the cars went on."

"I'd like to joke Mr. Tenant," said Harry to Walter.

"What for?"

"Because he has been so severe on us when we have lost anything. What do you think he would have said if we had left our money-belts under our pillows?"

"He would have called us, in his good-natured way, a couple of careless dogs."

"I'll joke him about it."

"No, not now, he feels it too keenly."

"What need he care for the money?"

"It is not so much the money as the careless way in which he left it, that he feels. Say nothing about it, and to-morrow" ——

"The sea! the sea!" burst from several voices.

"What sea?" asked Mr. Dunnallan, looking up from his book.

"The Red Sea, of course," replied Mr. Allston.

"It cannot be; we are two hours' ride from that." But on looking out they saw what appeared to be a vast body of water, just ahead of the cars.

"What is it?" cried Harry.

"Mirage," answered Mr. Percy.

"What is that?"

"An optical illusion produced by the 'unequal densities and refractory powers of adjacent strata of the air.'"

"But do you mean to say, Mr. Percy, that I don't see water?"

"Yes, I do say so."

"Then I can't believe my own eyes?"

"You cannot, if they tell you that is water."

"It must be water."

"I would suggest that you read something upon the subject, and you will find it a very interesting subject."

"Does not the mirage account for all the stories about phantom-ships?" asked Walter.

"Yes, my son."

Harry was soon satisfied that what he had seen was an illusion, for as the cars drove on, mile after mile, the water seemed to be as far off as ever.

"The mirage plays strange pranks, boys," said Dr. Forrestall. "Sometime when we are where we can talk without screaming, I will tell you some stories that will astonish you."

"That is right, Doctor; I want to know all about this; I never saw it before, and it's one of the things old Falkner has never enlightened us on," said Harry.

"Harry," said Walter, "why do you persist in calling your teacher 'old Falkner?' He is a young man, a kind man, and a good instructor."

"Oh, you are one of his favorites!"

"No, not particularly so; but I try to learn all I can in school, and feel bound to speak of him with respect."

"Quite right, Walter," said Mr. Butterworth. "But where is Minnie?"

"Asleep on mother's lap," replied Walter.

"I think, Mr. Percy, she ought to see this mirage."

"No, let her sleep; sleep will do her more good. She may wake time enough to see it; if not, let her sleep."

"Minnie must feel much disappointed in not

going through Syria with us," said Harry to Walter.

"Yes, I know she is. She was told before we left home that she could not; but she expected to persuade father to let her go."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes; and she laid all her plans to go. But you know Burns has quaintly said that

> 'The best laid plans
> Of mice and men
> Gang often wrang.'"

"So Minnie's plans have gone wrong?"

"Yes."

Thus talking they approached Suez, which they found to be full of pilgrims on their way to Mecca. Their tents, camels, and luggage filled the streets, and devout Mussulmans as they were, they could be seen at their devotions everywhere. On reaching the hotel, Mr. Tenant found a telegram from the keeper of the hotel in Cairo, saying to him that his money was found, and was safe.

Suez lies upon the shore of the Red Sea, and derives its importance mainly from the fact that it is a mail-station between England and India, and hence is always full of English people, going or coming from the Indian provinces. Our travellers found a good hotel kept by an Englishman, and soon were enjoying themselves in the

coolest and most pleasant place in hot weather to be found in Egypt. The breezes from the sea were truly refreshing after the tedious ride of the day. The distance from Cairo to Suez is about eighty miles; five hours complete the journey, and the railroad fare is two dollars and fifty cents.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

Few persons ever come to the shores of the Red Sea without wishing to penetrate the regions beyond, and no sooner were our travellers in Suez, than they began to think of crossing over to the other side, and following a little way in the track of the fugitive Hebrews. The boys were particularly clamorous for this; and when Mr. Percy told them they should get a boat and go over, they seemed to lose all appetite for dinner, thinking only of the excursion.

The Red Sea is a fine sheet of water, one hundred and ninety-two miles broad and one thousand two hundred and thirty miles long, from Suez to Bab-el-Mandeb. After dinner a boat was procured, and while Mrs. Percy and her daughter sought repose, the gentlemen started for the shores of Asia. Instead of crossing immediately over, as the children of Israel did, they sailed down the sea, and struck the coast at the wells of Elim, where were twelve wells of water and seventy palm-trees.* As they

* Exodus xv. 27.

went out of the harbor of Suez, Mr. Percy entered into conversation with the boys upon the remarkable transaction which once was witnessed here, and great was their interest as they sailed on.

"Why is this called the *Red* Sea, Father?" asked Walter.

"There are various suggestions."

"What are they?"

"One is that the sea has derived this name from the innumerable animalcules that in the spring of the year cover the surface and give it a red appearance."

"What is another?"

"That the name comes from Edom, which in the Hebrew means red."

"And another?"

"That the term comes from the abundance of red coral found here."

"Is there any other?"

"None that I think of."

"Has it always been called *Red* Sea?"

"In the Scriptures it is known as *Yam Soof*, — sea of weeds."

"Well, Pa, how wide was the sea where the Hebrews crossed?"

"The place where it is generally supposed they crossed is about three thousand five hundred feet."

"Is there any diversity of opinion as to the place of the crossing?"

"Not much; though some suppose they went over eighteen miles down the sea, where the width is twelve miles."

"Can you point to the place where you think they went over?"

"Yes; you see that mountain?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And that gorge?"

"Yes, Sir."

"The mountain is Tibel Attica, and down through the gorge the people are supposed to have come, and spread along the shore, at the base of the hills. The Egyptians following along the same gorge rendered escape impossible."

"I should like to read a description written by some person who was on the spot."

"You can."

"Can I?"

"Yes; read the account in Exodus."

"Oh, I didn't think!"

"I have here in my hand a book which contains a description of the passage, written many hundred years ago. Would you like to have me read it?"

"Yes, Sir."

"This is it. Artipanus, who wrote one hun-

dred and thirty years before Christ was born in Bethlehem, gives the Egyptian tradition concerning this miraculous passage. 'The Merophites relate,' he says, 'that Moses, being well acquainted with the country, watched the influx of the tide, and made the multitude pass through the dry bed of the sea. But the Heliopolitans relate that the king, with a great army, accompanied by the sacred animals, pursued after the Jews, who had carried off with them the substance of the Egyptians; and that Moses, having been directed by a divine hand to strike the sea with his rod, locked the waters, and so the flood divided, and they passed over through a dry way. But when the Egyptians entered along with them, and pursued them, it is said that fire flashed against them in front, and the sea returning back overwhelmed the passage. Thus the Egyptians perished both by fire and the influx of the tide.'"

An hour or two was occupied in the sail over the sea, and at length the boat struck the shallow beach, nearly an eighth of a mile from the shore. They could get in no nearer the dry land, and so were obliged to divest themselves of their clothing, and holding it in their arms, wade ashore. Some of the gentlemen, whose feet were somewhat tender, soon began to cry out with pain, the bits of coral and sharp shells

which covered the bottom making it anything but pleasant to walk thereon.

They reached the shore, which they found covered with corals and beautiful shells, and each man at once went to work gathering some. Between the shore and the wells of Moses was a piece of ground which the Arabs hold sacred, and across which they allow no one to go with covered feet.

"What!" said Mr. Percy, "have we to walk a quarter of a mile over briers and hard, crusty ground with bare feet?"

"You must," answered the dragoman.

"I sha'n't for one," was the emphatic reply.

So while the rest crossed the ground, pricking their feet at every step, Mr. Percy went over in his boots. But it was quite unfortunate that he did so, for, knowing that he should be obliged again to wade to the boat, he had not put on his stockings, and his boot chafing against his bare ankle ruptured the skin, and produced a wound, of which he did not rid himself for a month, but which troubled him throughout his sojourn in Syria. Often was he the subject of joke by those who took off their shoes, and especially did Mr. Allston delight to tell him that if he had become a Mussulman, and done as they do while he was in their country, he would not have been so afflicted.

The wells of Elim consist of two or three square pools, the water now slimy and unfit to drink. Several palm-trees wave their branches over them in mournful silence. The two boys were reminded of an ancient custom while at the wells. They saw two women grinding at a mill, turning one stone upon another, making a meal, a handful of which Walter took and put into a bottle and brought home with him. The boys were of the opinion that the wells, or pools, could never have produced good water; but Mr. Percy pointed them to a spring boiling up in the centre, and told them that doubtless if the pools should be cleaned out, and the spring properly taken care of, the water would be sweet and pure.

When they had remained an hour at the wells, they crossed the "Holy Field," bathed in the sea, selected a few more shells from the beach, waded to the boat, and, hoisting their sails, started for Suez. A wild time they had of it. The wind increased, and the boat shipped so much water that they were all wet to the skin, and it was midnight when they reached the landing.

There was one consolation for the horrors of this night-voyage, which to the boys was of great interest. The remarkable phosphoric qualities of the Red Sea water gave them a grand display. Walter had never seen anything like it. With a cane, he could make a capital letter, a B or an H,

in the water, and for an instant it would blaze with the greatest distinctness. Drops of water dashed upon his clothing would sparkle like the fire-fly for a minute; and when the spray came dashing over the bows of the boat, it seemed like a wave of fire.

"It may have been this remarkable phosphoric quality of the water," remarked Mr. Dunnallan, "that gave rise to the Egyptian tradition which Mr. Percy read, that fire flashed upon the armies of Pharaoh, as they entered the sea."

"This is worth getting wet for, Harry," said Walter.

"What is?"

"This conversation among the gentlemen about the phosphoric light."

"That is just like you."

"What is like me?"

"To lose your supper, get wet to your skin, and endanger your life, and think it delightful because you can get an idea into your head."

"Well, I think an idea is worth more than my supper any time; as to life, I don't think we have been in any particular danger."

"I think supper would do me a great deal of good, but I don't see what good this conversation on phosphoric light can do me."

"You will learn something by it."

"No, I shall not. I cannot learn anything

when I am hungry, and now I am hungry as a bear."

"You might as well learn, for your supper you will certainly lose."

Perhaps there was no reason to fear, but it was very dark, and they were obliged to crouch down in the bottom of the boat, and every few minutes a heavy wave would strike the bows, and, leaping over, would completely drench them, and glad were they when they stood again on solid land.

"Now to the hotel for supper," cried Harry.

"Supper!" exclaimed Walter.

"Yes, Sir; supper, if you please."

"None will you get to-night."

"Why not?"

"Because the servants in the hotel are all abed, and they will not get up to cook for you."

"Perhaps not for me alone; but these gentlemen that are following on behind are as hungry as I am. What do you bet that Mr. Tenant does not get some supper?"

"I don't bet."

Mr. Tenant now came up, and they all entered the hotel together. Servants were found, but they were not willing to get any supper; but Mr. Tenant, being a very resolute man, did get

some bread and meat, and they all sat down to it with a hearty relish.

The next morning the boys both slept until a late hour, and were awakened by a cry outside the door.

"*Hawàgee! Hawàgee!*"

"What is that cry, Walter?" asked Harry.

"Hark!"

"*Hawàgee! Hawàgee!*"

"It is the servant."

"What is he saying?"

"He is calling on some traveller."

Again the call was made, and on Walter's going to the door he found a servant who had been sent to call him and Harry to breakfast. They told him they would soon be there, and on reaching the breakfast-room, found the whole party at the table. Mr. Tenant told Harry, who inquired, that "*Hawàgee*" meant "Christian merchant," but was a title applied to all Franks.

Breakfast being soon over, a little run through the town was taken. They saw the same sights and heard the same sounds as the day before. From the minaret, at the appointed hour, they heard the voice of the muezzin, chanting in the same ever shrill, doleful strains, — "God is most great," "There is no Deity but God," "Mahomet is God's Apostle." "Come to prayer," "Come to security." "God is most great."

"There is no Deity but God." They saw the squatting Arabs in the bazaars, smoking their long pipes and idling away their time. They caught fugitive glimpses of the dark-eyed Egyptian maiden at the little lattice window of her home, peeping out a moment, and then, like an affrighted child, disappearing. They stumbled over the dogs, ran against the donkeys, were crowded and jostled on all sides, just as one always is in an Egyptian town.

They took cars and rode back again to Cairo, into which city they entered after the shadows of night had fallen. A dismal place it is when night comes. Not a single jet of gas, not a public street-lamp, but whoever goes abroad must carry his lantern, to see the way. Through the dark they were whirled in an omnibus towards the hotel, in danger every moment of running over some poor donkey, or some foot-traveller who had no light, but at length arriving safely there, — Mr. Tenant to find his money, Walter and Harry to find a delicious bath, and at length the whole party to find a calm, peaceful night's repose.

"Do you know," said Walter to his young friend after Harry had retired to rest that night, "that in this little time we have crossed from Africa to Asia, and in less than three days have actually been on three continents?"

"Ye-ye-yes. I'm sleepy. Good-night."

Soon Harry was sound asleep, while Walter bowed his knees at his bedside, and thanked God for the mercies of the day, and prayed for himself and Harry and all the party and little Charley and other dear friends at home. And then he went to sleep, and holy angels came down to watch over the pillow of one who every day remembered his Heavenly Father, and was truly grateful for his daily mercies

CHAPTER XV.

THE PORTFOLIO.

"You will have a leisure day, boys," said Mr. Percy. "We have all some purchases to make before we leave Egypt, and you may take your own course to-day."

"I know what I will do," answered Walter.

"What?" asked Harry.

"Write a lot of letters home."

"Good! so will I. I have hardly written a letter since I started. The old man will think I am dead."

"Old man! What old man?"

"Why, my father, of course."

"You should not speak of him in that way, Harry."

"So you have told me a hundred times before."

"And have told you right."

"So you have, Walter. You are a better boy than I am, and always will be."

Just then Minnie broke into the room, and held up a letter.

"See here!" she cried.

"What have you got?"

"A letter from Charley."

"Any come for us?"

"No; only this for me, and some business letters for father."

"Do read it."

"I will. Here it is: —

"'CAMBRIDGE, April 8, 1861.

"'DEAR SISTER MINNIE, — You have now been gone almost a week, and Aunt Hester tells me that when my letter reaches you, you will be in Egypt. I know all about that place. Rose Thornton has told me. A'n't it dark in Egypt? Have you seen any crocodiles? Have you been where Joseph who was sold by his brethren was put? Rose says it is all sand in Egypt; does she know?

"'It seems a month since you went away, and I am lonesome, though Aunt Hester is very kind, and Rose is in here all the time. But I want to see mother and father, and you, Minnie, and Walter. I hope you will get home in two or three weeks, though Rose says you won't. Tell Harry St. Clair that it is too bad that father took him to Egypt instead of me. But Rose says my time is coming, and that some day I shall go to London and Rome and Egypt.

"'I hope you can read what I have written, for the teacher says I write nicely. Do you think I do, Minnie? Aunt Hester says she will look over this letter, and fix it, but I have done it most all.

"'CHARLES PERCY.'"

"Bless the little scamp! I would like to see him," said Harry.

"Scamp! Don't you call him that," answered Minnie.

"I would like to see him, too," added Walter.

"Whom are you going to write to, Walter?"

"Mr. Falkner, first."

"What, that old curmudgeon?"

"Don't talk so, Harry."

"Well, that illustrious pedagogue, then?"

"To my excellent teacher, if you please."

"Have it so. I'll write to Rose Thornton and the old man."

So they sat down to write, and as they write we will look over their shoulders and see what they are about.

"CAIRO, MAY 6, 1861.

"DEAR MR. FALKNER,—When I parted with you, I promised to write you one of the best letters I could. You said you would read it to the

school, if it was a good one. I don't care about that, but I hope I shall write so as to obtain your approbation.

"We have now been in Egypt some time, and I will tell you what I think of the country and the people. We have seen much, and travelled far, and I hope I have been profited by the tour.

"Egypt is a most singular country. It is unlike any other that I have visited, and every object seems new and strange to me. The dress of the people first arrested my attention. The men wear the tarbush, which is a close-fitting red *Fez* cap, said to be so called from a place in Morocco, where they are manufactured extensively. The rich and poor, the civilian and the soldier, wear it. The trousers are long and loose, coming down to the knees, and leaving the legs bare. These trousers are simply a bag, with holes for the feet to be thrust through, and are awkward and uncomely in the extreme. A blue or drab jacket, or a white smock or coat covers the shoulders, while a pair of red shoes, with pointed toes, completes the toilet. The women are draped up, head and all, with a loose, flowing robe, leaving only the eyes uncovered, and are very singular in the appearance. The poor people are very negligent as to dress, some of the children not wearing anything, but running about naked.

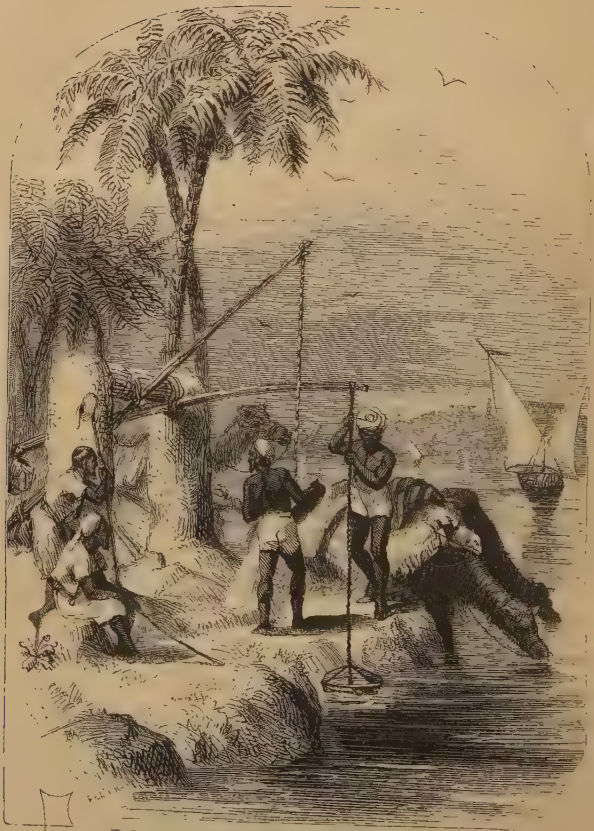
"The streets are full of beggars. Beggars are a very common race. We found them in London clamoring for an *'a-penny;* in France for a *sou;* in Rome for a *paul;* in Egypt for a *piastre.* Father says it is no use to give them anything, as it only encourages vicious, indolent habits, so we never do, unless the asker is old or crippled. Then we bestow a slight charity. Sometimes I think it makes me a little hard-hearted to refuse so many pleas for aid, though I know many of them are unworthy applicants.

"If I have not obtained many new ideas since I came here, I have seen many new ways of doing things. Why, Mr. Falkner, only the other day we rode along by where they were building a railroad; and how do you suppose they were doing it? With trains of gravel cars, and hundreds of men? With drays and horses and spades? No, Sir. They were building a railroad many miles long with their hands. Oh, there were thousands of men, women, boys, and girls, some of the latter not half so big as Sister Minnie, and they had baskets into which they scraped the sand with their hands and then lifted them upon their heads and carried them to the road! Some of them had little wooden hoes, but none of the shovels that our laborers use. I read the other day that when Mohammed Ali built the Mahmoodéeh Canal, 'an army of two hun-

dred and fifty thousand persons was gathered to dig this canal, the dirt being scooped out by the hand or with a common hoe, and all removed in sacks or baskets carried on the shoulders; and so miserable was the provision of food, clothing, and shelter for this multitude of laborers, and so severe were the daily tasks exacted of them, that no less than twenty thousand are said to have perished by accidents, hunger, and plague.' This railroad was being built in the same way; and the loss of life, father says, must be enormous.

"I have been surprised to find the climate so much more genial and pleasant than we expected. We thought we should have very hot weather, but thus far have been disappointed; and as you told us we should be unable to stay in Egypt on account of the intense heat, I will make a quotation from my register, which will show you that we have not suffered on this account: —

Tuesday, April 30.	Cairo, 12.30 o'clock, P. M.	62°.
	" 5 " "	76°.
Wednesday, May 1.	Cairo, 5.30 o'clock, A. M.	62°.
	Pyramids, 10 " "	72°.
	The Plains, 3 " P. M.	78°
	Cairo, 7 " "	74°.
Thursday, May 2.	Cairo, 6 o'clock, A. M.	60°.
	Suez, 2 " P. M.	82°.
	On the Red Sea, 3 o'clock, P. M.	90°.
	Wells of Elim, 5 " "	78°.



BOAT LIFE ON THE NILE.

Friday, May 3.	Suez,	8 o'clock,	A. M.	.....70°.
	Cairo,	1 "	P. M.	.....78°.
	"	5 "	"	.....81°.

" This gives you a good idea of the temperature as we found it, and the heat did not seem at all oppressive. Thus our fears proved false, and we were highly favored by God in this respect.

" We have seen the Nile; sailed up and down, and bathed in its waters. The *réis* — captain — who took us along the river was a good sailor, and knew all about the land, and could give us all the information we wanted. He described to father the process of irrigation and fertilization in Egypt, and Mr. Tenant said he was better posted about his business than many a Yankee captain would be. I have sketched a view of river-life which I send you.—[The reader will find the sketch accompanying this book.]

" But I must close my letter, lest you will be very weary of reading it. I could tell you many things we saw, but my paper is out. So I will only write a description of Egypt, which I heard Dr. Forrestall read much to-day. I liked it so well that I got the book and copied it, and I know *you* will like it. 'Egypt is composed of black earth and green plants, between a pulverized mountain and a red sand. The distance from Syene to the sea is a month's journey for a

horseman. Along the valley descends a river, on which the blessing of the Most High reposes, both in the evening and morning, and which rises and falls with the revolutions of the sun and moon. When the annual dispensation of Providence unlocks the springs and fountains that nourish the earth, the Nile rolls its swelling and sounding waters through the realm of Egypt; the fields are overspread by the salutary flood; and the villages communicate with each other in their painted barks. The retreat of the inundation deposits a fertilizing mud for the reception of the various seeds; the crowd of husbandmen who blacken the land may be compared to a swarm of industrious ants; and their native indolence is quickened by the lash of the task-master, and the promise of the flowers and fruits of a plentiful increase. Their hope is seldom deceived; but the riches which they extract from the wheat, the barley, and the rice, the fruit-trees, and the cattle, are unequally shared between those who labor and those who possess. According to the vicissitudes of the seasons, the face of the country is adorned with a *silver* wave, a verdant *emerald*, and the deep yellow of a *golden* harvest.'

"I assure you, Mr. Falkner, that, though I am enjoying myself very much, I shall be very glad to get back to my school and to my

books. You will know who writes to you, though I only sign my name

"HAWAGEE."

"Ah, ha, hum!" yawned Walter.

"What is the matter?" asked one or two of the party who were present.

"Oh, I have been writing until I am tired."

"Have you finished your letter, my son?" asked Mr. Percy.

"Yes, Sir. Shall I read it?"

"If you please."

Walter read his letter through, and when he had closed, his mother said,—

"Why do you sign yourself *Hawàgee?*"

"Oh, for fun."

"Do you know what it means?"

"Yes; it means 'Christian merchant.'"

"But you are not a merchant."

"No, Mother; but the term is applied to all Franks, or Europeans, and Mr. Falkner will know what I mean."

"Very well; I only wished to know if you understood the meaning of the word. Do you know what you might sign yourself, if you were a Moslem trader?"

"Yes; I believe it would be *Kowagee.*"

"Right. You quoted something in your letter. Whose language was it?"

"Amru, one of Mahomet's most distinguished warriors."

"I do not remember about him."

"Well, all I know is what Mr. Butterworth was saying the other day. He told about him, and stated, that on one occasion he laid siege to Alexandria, and was taken prisoner and carried to the fortress. They did not know him, and he was about to declare who he was. A slave who was taken with him, when he saw what he was about to say, struck him on the mouth, saying, 'Be silent in the presence of your superiors.' This deceived the enemy, and they supposed Amru was less than a slave; and they kept the slave, but sent him back with a message, and so he got clear."

"*Teieb, teieb, teieb, ketéer!*" said Dr. Forrestall, coming forward at that moment.

"Now, Doctor, what lingo is that? I have heard it a thousand times since I have been here."

The Doctor laughed.

"Please tell me, for I want to know. When I say anything to these Arabs they shout, '*Tib, tib, tib, é te keter*,' or something like that."

"It means, 'Good, good, very good.'"

"Well, I am glad I know, for when I hear such jargon again, I shall not be as ignorant as I have been."

"Have you written any letters, Harry?" asked Mr. Percy.

"Yes, Sir. Two."

"Will you read them to us?"

"I don't like to. If I wrote as well as Walter does, I would read them."

"I think I would read them, Harry," added Mrs. Percy.

"If you really desire it, I will."

"We do desire it."

"Here they are, then:

"'DONKEYDOM, May 6, 1861.

"'MISS THORNTON,—That sounds rather formal, Rose, but that pattern of propriety with whom I am travelling, — Master Walter Percy, an old head on young shoulders, — would tell me that it is right. I suppose it is, but how ridiculous it would sound for me next winter to say to you, when we are coasting, '*Miss* Thornton, let me draw you up the hill;' or, '*Miss* Thornton, let me make the snowballs for you to throw;' or, '*Miss* Thornton, let me strap your skates.' But let that pass. You would like to know what we have seen out here. I couldn't tell you one half, for we have been hearing, seeing, and enjoying ever since we left Cambridge. We have seen donkeys by the million; heard dogs bark, week in and week out; been

shaken up with the Arabs in carriages and in the streets, and are almost naturalized Egyptians. Anyhow, this is a queer country. You would laugh at the women. They look, when walking in the street, like mummies done up in prodigious big white bags; and when they ride, the horse — *donkey*, I mean — is all covered up with dry goods and fancy wares. You would laugh at the men, too. They dress as Father Abraham used to — you know how that was, — and go through the streets looking like monkeys rigged up in women's clothes. You would also laugh at — why there is nothing but what you would laugh at. Why, if they water the streets here, instead of doing it in a civilized way, they do it as they probably did in the times of Pharaoh — a man goes through the street with the skin of a goat under his arm, and squirts water from this novel machine: one third upon the dust, and two thirds upon the people who are passing by. Instead of having buckets to hold water, they keep it for drinking purposes in skins. Everywhere you go, you find people who are shouting for '*backshish*' — plaguing you to death at every step you take. Do you know what '*backshish*' is? I suppose not, but I cannot stop to tell you. You never can know until you hear a half-clad Egyptian, — blind of one eye and half blind of the other,

— shouting, as he runs behind you, in a poor, piteous tone — '*Hawâgee, backshish!*' Walter will explain all the hard words when he gets home.

"'Well, Rose, how are things at home? Have you been to our house, recently? Seen the old gent — hey? And Falkner — is he as savage as ever? Do you remember that time when I blacked the inside of his hat? Wasn't that rich?

"'I don't know as I have anything more to write. Walter and Minnie send their love to you — at least I suppose they would, if they knew I was writing to you. Minnie is the life of the party. Mr. Tenant takes her under his care, and she goes to him for anything she wants. She is, indeed, the favorite of all, while I guess they look upon me as a clown. They are about right — don't you think so?

"'Please run into our house, and tell the old gentleman and lady that their hopeful son was well when last you heard from him; put a pin into the cushion of Falkner's chair for me; turn Sorrel out of the pasture, and give father a hunt of half a day to find the beast, and credit the exploit to me, and do as much mischief as you please, in the name of

"'HARRY ST. CLAIR.'"

"What will Rose think of you?" asked Mrs. Percy, as Harry folded his letter.

"Think? — why, Rose knows me, of old."

"But what would your father think, if he should see that letter?"

"Oh, he won't. Rose promised if I would write to her that nobody should see the letters?"

"Well, you can do as you will about sending it, but it is not very respectful to your parents, nor to Mr. Falkner."

"Oh, Mrs. Percy, don't say anything about old Falkner. I owe him a grudge."

"But, Harry, he has been one of your best friends; corrected you for your faults, praised you for your virtues, and instructed you kindly and cheerfully."

"Well, never mind. Let him slide."

"You will slide, Harry," cried Minnie, rushing into the room with her finished letter in her hand.

"Ah, Minnie; have you been writing, too?" asked Mr. Tenant.

"Yes, Sir."

"Come, read it."

"I don't like to, but I suppose I must."

"'EGYPT, May 6, 1861.

"'LITTLE CHARLEY, — From this far-off

land Sister Minnie writes, to tell you how much she loves you. Father and mother and Walter are all here, and all of us are writing home to-day. Madcap Harry St. Clair is also writing a letter to send to his friends. And now, Charley, how have you been this long time? Have you ever cried to see mother and Minnie? Ah, I guess you have. When Hester has put you into your little bed, you have wished the folks were all at home again. It is more than a month since we left home, and it seems to me a great while longer. We have had many dangers on the sea and on land, but are now all well, and I think we should be perfectly happy, if dear little brother, whom we all love so much, was with us.

"'You promised, when we left, to keep my garden clear from weeds this summer, and look after my canary. Are you doing so? You must ask John, the gardener, to show you how to set out the geraniums, which ought to be in the ground by the time this letter reaches you. Let Gip have a clean cage every day, and put in clean seed, so that the dear little creature may not die while I am gone. I have not heard a bird sing as sweetly as Gip does, since I left America.

"'I suppose Rose Thornton comes in to see you while we are absent. She promised to see

that you were a good boy. And now I must close this letter, because I have some more to write, and so, Charley, wait patiently until you hear again from

"'MINNIE.'"

"You might have written some news to the boy," said Walter.

"I had none to write."

"You might have told him what we have seen since we have been out here."

"Oh, you must write about all that."

Thus, in writing letters and reading them, and in pleasant conversation, the day was spent by the children. The gentlemen made some purchases, and prepared to leave Egypt for the Holy Land. On the morrow, they were to start for Alexandria, to embark at that port for Syria, and as they went to sleep that night there was not one of the party who did not regret that they were so soon to leave this interesting country.

CHAPTER XVI.

LOOKING BACK.

On the following morning, Walter and Harry were aroused by a knocking at the door of their room, and, on asking who was there, heard a strange voice saying —

"*Sabál khayr! Sabál khayr!*"

"Who is it?" asked Walter.

"Me — Mohammed Achmet."

"What did you say?"

"I speak to you."

"Yes, and what did you say? — those strange Arabic words?"

"Good-morning! Good-morning!"

"Yes, yes, good-morning, Mohammed."

"Breakfast waits."

"We will be ready soon."

And soon both of the boys were ready, and had joined their older friends in the breakfast-room. After breakfast, with luggage and antiquities that they had collected, and accompanied by Mohammed, Abdalluh Hassan, and Hallile, the party took the cars for Alexandria. It was

a happy party. Not a cloud rested on the spirits of any one, and unalloyed enjoyment seemed to be the lot of all.

The incidents of the day need not be detailed; though a car-ride of seven or eight hours in Egypt is different from a ride of the same length of time in any other land, where cars and railways are found. Our travellers reached Alexandria wearied, and ready at once to seek the repose of sleep.

The next day was the Sabbath, — a Sabbath in Egypt, — and beautiful was the hallowed dawn. The sky was clear, the atmosphere pure, and the sea breezes refreshing. Minnie rose earlier than the rest, and went out and took a short walk before breakfast with the dragoman, who was pleased to show her attention and respect. After the rest of the company had assembled in the room of Mr. Dunnallan, for morning religious services, which were just concluded, Minnie came bouncing in with a shout of merriment and joy.

"What is the matter, child?" asked Mr. Percy.

"Matter enough, Pa," the child replied.

"I should think so; but do you know what day it is?"

"Fourth of July — Independence Day — general muster, or something."

"Stop, stop. Minnie, do you not remember that it is Sabbath morning?"

"Yes, Sir, I suppose it is in New England, and in Old England; but it is not here."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Father, I have been out to walk with that Arab — you know who I mean, the dragoman, or whatever you call him, — Mohammed Ach — Achmet, isn't it?"

"Does going out to walk on Sabbath morning make you so boisterous?"

"No; but it is not Sabbath — it cannot be. The streets are full of people, and the men and boys have little cannons, and pistols, and firecrackers, and are doing just as our boys do on Fourth of July."

"Is that a fact, Minnie?" asked Harry.

"Yes."

"Then a time we'll have to-day."

"You forget, Harry, that it is Sunday; and whatever the people here may be doing, we must maintain our New England habits," said Walter.

"Right, Walter," said Mr. Butterworth. "I am glad you think of that."

"Rap, rap, tap," on the door.

Harry opened it; the dragoman was there.

"De gentlemens will take breakfast," he said.

They proceeded to the breakfast-room, where they met several English and American travel-

lers who, like themselves, were bound for the Holy Land. After breakfast they went out, and found the city in wonderful commotion, as Minnie had said. Men and boys were about the streets with small fire-works, and nothing resembled the solemn hush of holy time. On inquiry, they found the occasion of all this to be the celebration of the Greek Pentecost. Minnie persisted in saying it was the "Fourth of July," and wished to go to some of the churches where the festival was to be celebrated; but the gentlemen took their way to the English Church, where services were held, and a sermon in English preached. The day was spent as the Sabbath generally is in heathen cities; and at night our travellers gathered in one of the rooms of the hotel, and conversed upon the strange sights they had seen, and upon the goodness which had protected them thus far on their journey.

"I have been thinking," said Mr. Tenant, "how much like man's life this day has been — a quiet dawn; a confused mixture of religion and profanity; a noisy, boisterous, tumultuous surging all day long; and now, an unlighted night that hushes every sound of man, and closes up the whole in impenetrable darkness."

"Your remark, friend Tenant," said Mr. Percy, "reminds me of a beautiful little saying of Goethe."

"What saying, Father? I should like to hear something about Goethe, of whom I have heard much, but know little," said Walter.

"Goethe said," replied the gentleman, "that 'man is a glorious poem; each life a canto, each day a line. The melody plays feebly at first upon the trembling chords of his little heart, but with time gains power and beauty as it sweeps onward, until at last the final notes die away, far above the world, amidst the melodies of heaven.'"

"Poor Goethe," remarked Mr. Allston, "died calling upon the attendants to open the windows and let in more light."

"Who was Goethe?" whispered Harry to Minnie, who sat by his side.

"I don't know. We will ask Walter to-morrow."

Is there not some young reader of this page inquisitive to know? It will pay him to find out.

The party soon began to break up for the night. Mrs. Percy and Minnie retired to their apartments. Walter went to the window, and stood looking up upon the dark city, in which not a light could be seen, when Dr. Forrestall came and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"What are you looking at, Walter?" he asked.

"Nothing, Doctor," was the reply.

"What are you thinking about, then?"

"I was trying to recall some lines I learned long ago, which are suggested to my mind by the way of contrast. Here is a city of darkness. A field of graves could not be more dismal; and I was thinking of some lines, written by I know not whom, that picture a city at night all lighted and brilliant with flaring lamps."

"Can you repeat them?"

"I don't know."

"Try it. We should like to hear."

"As near as I can recall them, the words were these:—

"'The city's distant lights arrest my view,
And magic fancy whirls me to the scene.
There vice and folly run their giddy rounds;
There eager crowds are hurrying to the sight
Of feigned distress, yet have not time to hear
The shivering orphan's prayer. The flaring lamps
Of gilded chariots, like the meteor eyes
Of mighty giants, famed in legends old,
Illume the snowy street; the silent wheels
On heedless passenger steal unperceived,
Bearing the splendid fair to flutter round
Amid the flowery labyrinths of the dance.'"

"That's London!" remarked the Doctor.

"Or Paris," suggested Mr. Butterworth.

"Who is the author?" asked Harry.

"I don't know," said Walter. "Perhaps some of these gentlemen can tell."

"You will be obliged to give the credit of your lines to Graham," said Mr. Allston. "He wrote them."

Soon all had retired, and scarcely one of the party but dreamed of home and friends far away in the land of the free.

The next forenoon was spent in preparation for sailing; and just before night came on, the whole party were rowed out in little boats to the French steamer *Cydnus*, that was lying in the harbor, and soon they were on their way up the Mediterranean Sea. The evening was very fair and beautiful, and our travellers assembled on the deck to enjoy it. They sang religious hymns and patriotic songs. Walter declaimed one or two pieces he had learned at school, and Dr. Forrestall and Mr. Damrell told some stories of what they had seen in other travels, and thus the evening passed away. Harry thought it would be a good time to ask the question which he had proposed to Minnie the night before, and so he asked, —

"Please, Mr. Allston, who was Goethe, about whom you talked last evening?"

"Goethe," said the gentleman addressed, "was a German poet, born in Frankfort-on-the-Main. He became very popular. Knebel says,

— 'Everybody worshipped him, especially the women.'"

"Ah!" drawled Minnie.

"His life was an up-and-down one, and he died at the age of eighty-three years."

"He lived a long life, for a poet," remarked Walter.

"Yes; his frame was stout, and his disposition cheerful — two requisites of a long life. In one of his works, he says, — 'From my father I derive my frame and the steady quietude of my life; and from my dear little mother, my happy disposition and love of story-telling.' He was a famous writer of ballads and songs."

"I wish," said Walter, "we knew some of them."

"I can repeat to you, boys, a little gem of Goethe, that I wish was engraven on the minds of both of you," said Mr. Butterworth. "I have often repeated it to boys, and always with a wish that they would catch its spirit."

"What is it?" asked both the boys together.

Minnie came and looked up in the gentleman's face as he repeated the following lines: —

"'Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast:
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine guard it well!

Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

"'Haste not! let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might:
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

"'Rest not! life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die:
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye
When these forms have passed away.

"'Haste not! rest not! calmly wait:
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide —
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.'"

"Beautiful!" whispered the child, as the last line was uttered.

"I'll write that out to-morrow," said Walter. "I must keep that."

The conversation now changed from Goethe to other subjects. Minnie sat on a seat, with Walter on one side and Harry on the other, and there they conversed and sang until late at night, nor would they then have sought their

pillows, had not Mr. Percy required them to do so.

The next day was beautiful. Not a ripple disturbed the surface of the sea, and scarcely a motion of the vessel was perceptible. She cut her way through the blue waters as if she were a thing of life, and left nothing but a little foamy line in her wake.

About the middle of the forenoon, Walter was looking over the stern of the vessel with a shade of sadness on his face, when Mr. Dunnallan approached him.

"What are you thinking about now, my lad?" asked the gentleman; "you look sad?"

"I was thinking," replied Walter, "that I should never see that country again."

"What country?"

"Why, Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs."

"Does that make you sad?"

"Yes, Sir, it does. I have been so much interested in Egypt that I feel bad at leaving so soon. I have been charmed with this dreamy land, and I should like to stay in Alexandria a year."

"It is beautiful for situation, but it has none of the attractions which it had at the time when Campbell describes its 'gates as looking out on the gilded barges of the Nile; on fleets at sea, under full sail; on a harbor that sheltered navies;

and a light-house that was the mariner's star, and the wonder of the world.' "

"I should like to have seen it then," exclaimed Walter, enthusiastically. But as it is, I wish we could have remained much longer. I am sad to think I shall never come back here again."

"Oh, you may come back here. You are but a boy yet, and as the facilities for travelling increase every year, you may anticipate another visit to this interesting land."

"I did not think of that. I may come here again, then. If I do, I will go up the Nile as far as I can get a dragoman to take me."

"Hallo, Walter, you here! I have been looking for you below," cried Harry, approaching.

"We have been talking here."

"What about?"

"Egypt and the Egyptians."

"Well," said Harry, "there is something I would like to know about the old Egyptians, the ancient people of Pharaoh's time."

"What is it you would wish to know?" asked Mr. Dunnallan.

"Were the ancient Egyptians black or white?"

"There are various opinions as to that."

"Can't you tell us something about them?"

"Nothing but what I can quote from others. I have given the subject no study. Denon describes the ancient people of this land, — founded upon a personal examination of Egyptian statues, busts, and bas-reliefs: 'Full, but delicate and voluptuous forms; countenances sedate and placid; round and soft features; with eyes long, almond-shaped, half-shut, and languishing, and turned up at the outer angles, as if habitually fatigued by the light and heat of the sun; cheeks round; thick lips, full and prominent; mouths large, but cheerful and smiling; complexions dark, ruddy, and coppery; and the whole aspect displaying, — as one of the most graphic delineators among modern travellers has observed, — the genuine African character, of which the negro is the exaggerated and extreme representation.'"

"Is that the general opinion?" asked Walter.

"There are so many opinions, that I do not know which way the majority incline. Dr. Prichard tells us 'that the ancient Egyptians were a dark-colored people; and that, at the same time, great varieties of color existed among them, as is the case with the modern Hindoos and Abyssinians.' Volney argues strongly that they were negroes, and bases his opinion on passages in the works of Herodotus, Æschylus, and Lucian."

"I should think the men who have paid so much attention to Egyptian sculpture," said Walter, "would know to what race the ancient inhabitants belonged."

"The Copts were descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and Mr. Ledyard says of them: — 'I suspect the Copts to have been the origin of the negro race; the nose and lips correspond with those of the negro. The hair, wherever I can see it among the people here, is curled, not like that of the negroes, but like the mulattoes.'"

"Who were the Copts," asked Harry.

"I don't know," answered Walter.

"They are the descendants of the people who lived in Egypt in the time of the Ptolemies," remarked Mr. Dunnallan. "They are a very interesting people, nominal Christians, mingling with the Moslems, and at some convenient time I will give you all I know of their history. There are Coptic villages all through the land."

"What color are they?"

"A dark, deep brown, almost black. We suppose this to be the color of the ancient people. One writer has said, that 'If we may form an idea of the complexion of the ancient Egyptians from the paintings found in their temples and tombs, the coloring of their statues and bas-reliefs, and of the sycamore cases in which their mummies are found enclosed, we must come to

the conclusion that they were of a reddish-brown color, like the existing Foulah and Kaffir tribes. The male figures are invariably painted with this color, and the female figures sometimes of a lighter shade of the same color, and sometimes yellow or yellowish-brown.'

"'This red color,' says Dr. Prichard, 'is evidently intended to represent the complexion of the people, and is not put on in the want of a lighter paint, or flesh color; for when the limbs or bodies are represented as seen through a thin veil, the tint used resembles the complexion of Europeans. The same shade might have been generally adopted, if a darker one had not been preferred, as more truly representing the national complexion of the Egyptian race.'"

"About these Copts," asked Walter; "are they real Christians?"

"No. Far from it."

"What are they?"

"Mostly thieves, cheats, and beggars."

"And yet Christians?"

"Nominal Christians, as the Maronites in Syria, or vile, wicked men in America are nominal Christians; — they are not Moslems nor worshippers of idols. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

The trio was now joined by some other persons of the party, and the conversation about the

Copts was continued, and the boys treasured up a great many facts in relation to that strange but very interesting people. They were very much surprised to hear that there were sixty thousand of them in Cairo alone. They had supposed that the people of Cairo were almost all Mussulmans.

There are few passages more delightful than the sail from Alexandria to Joppa in fair weather in summer; and so great was the contrast between this smooth, quiet voyage and the rough, wild passage from Marseilles, that the boys seemed beside themselves with joy. The heavens above seemed clearer, and the sea bluer, and the weather more delightful, than they ever saw it before. They had on board people of almost all nations, but as they were almost the only Franks, great attention was shown them. Harry made the acquaintance of almost everybody who could speak a word of English. Walter was much interested in an Englishman on board, who was well acquainted with the great traveller and discoverer, Austen Henry Layard, who exhumed the remains of the past at Nimrod, and brought to view so many relics of forgotten ages.

"How did he travel?" asked Walter; "as we do, — with little baggage, — or with a large number of people and much baggage?"

"He travelled," said the Englishman, "in the

best way; taking little or nothing with him, but drawing his supplies from the country through which he passed."

"I should think a rich man would feel the privations of such regions as Layard passed through so much that it would be no pleasure to travel."

"No, my lad; to a traveller anywhere much luggage is not a comfort, but a burden. A traveller does not miss the comforts of home. I judge you have a good home; but do you think it a hardship to travel?"

"Oh, no, Sir; it is a great pleasure. The very privations are pleasures."

"So it was to my friend Layard. He himself says: — 'I had been wandering through Asia Minor and Syria, scarcely leaving untrod one spot hallowed by tradition, or unvisited one ruin consecrated by history. I was accompanied by one no less curious and enthusiastic than myself. We were both equally careless of comfort and unmindful of danger. We rode alone; our arms were our only protection; a valise behind our saddles was our wardrobe; and we tended our own horses, except when relieved from the duty by the hospitable inhabitants of a Turcoman village or an Arab tent. Thus unembarrassed by needless luxuries, and uninfluenced by the opinions or prejudices of others, we mixed

amongst the people, acquired without effort their manners, and enjoyed without alloy those emotions which scenes so novel and spots so rich in varied association cannot fail to produce.' "

" Then he was glad to be without needless luxuries."

" Yes ; as every traveller is. There is a great care upon a man who has trunks and boxes to look after, and I never should want to travel with them."

" That is the way we are to travel in Syria ; we shall have nothing but one bag apiece."

" You will be more comfortable for it, and have more pleasure in looking back upon your tour afterward. Mr. Layard, in whom you seem to take so much interest,—and that interest pleases me, for he is a dear friend of mine,—said, years after : — ' I look back with feelings of grateful delight to those happy days, when, free and unheeded, we left at dawn the humble cottage or cheerful tent, and lingering as we listed, unconscious of distance and of the hour, found ourselves, as the sun went down, under some hoary ruin tenanted by the wandering Arab, or in some crumbling village still bearing a well-known name. No experienced dragoman measured our distances, and appointed our stations. We were honored with no conversations by pachas, nor did we seek any civilities from

governors. We neither drew tears nor curses from the villagers by seizing their horses, or searching their houses for provisions; their welcome was sincere; their scanty fare was placed before us; we ate, and came and went in peace.'"

"Where can I read something about Mr. Layard?"

"You can read what he says of himself in his great work on Nineveh, which contains a hundred splendid engravings of monuments and sculptures and ruins which he saw."

"I must read it. I wonder I have not read it before."

This English gentleman became much interested in Walter, and told him many things about countries through which he himself had travelled, and the boy persisted in calling his father, that he might introduce to him his new friend. Mr. Percy was much pleased with the gentleman, who proved to be a wealthy merchant, who had acquired a great fund of information, and who was very felicitous in his manner of communicating it.

"What a very disagreeable man that was that you have just been talking with," said Minnie, as the Englishman turned away.

"Disagreeable?" asked the boy in surprise.

"Yes, Mr. Wonder."

"Far from it. He is one of the most agreeable men I have met since I left home."

"I should think he was! He talks about nothing but old statues and sculpture and such things."

"Oh, yes; he talks about many things. He is a connoisseur of poetry and painting, and the fine arts."

"I don't want to know anything about fine arts."

"You are much like George II.," said Mr. Damrell, advancing.

"How am I like him?" asked the girl.

"Why, it was he, I believe, who said, '*I hate boetry and bainting.*'"

"No, Mr. Damrell, I do not hate poetry and painting, but these old statues without heads, faces without noses, and all that. Oh, dear, it is so dry."

"So King George thought."

"Plague take King George!"

The shades of evening were now approaching, and the two boys were eager that the sun should set and the night be gone, for on the morrow they expected to see the shores of Palestine. Harry remained on deck long after many of the passengers had gone to rest, and Walter sat up writing in his Journal. While

he is writing we will look over his shoulder, and see what he is about: —

"STEAMSHIP CYDNUS,
"*Off the Shores of Palestine.*

"I am thinking of home! I often think of home, though my dearest earthly friends are with me here upon the Mediterranean Sea. It is now late at night, and the passengers are mostly in their berths. Minnie has been in dreamland two long hours, but Harry is still on deck, trying to talk with the Arabs, who cannot understand a word he says. Overhead I hear low voices in conversation, but the tongue is a strange one, and the sound reaches my ear like a silver ripple of melody. I hear the waters gliding beneath the keel, or rippling against the vessel's sides. On before us is Jerusalem, and the land once trod by the blessed footsteps of the Son of Mary and Joseph, — the Son of God. Far away behind is Egypt, land of mythology and art, — but how changed! Who would ever have supposed this dreary region we have left to have once been the queen-land of the earth? Who would ever have supposed that this country was once the home of Plato and Solon?

"'Egypt, thy halls are desolate! The steps
Of man scarce wake thy death-like Solitudes.

No throng in might and beauty gathers here;
No pealing anthems from thy temples rise;
No sound of music falls upon the ear:
But hollow winds in mournful murmurs sweep,
Wailing a requiem for the buried Past.'

"I wonder if London will ever become like Memphis, and Paris like Thebes? Sometimes when I think and read, it seems to me that nations come up to greatness and die out. I wonder if the United States will ever sink down into the degradation of Egypt? What if Cambridge should become like Heliopolis, and Boston like Cairo! What an insult to the 'hub of the universe' the supposition is! But when I remember that Rome and Babylon and Nineveh have all fallen, I do not see why modern cities may not be given to decay.

"I can hardly realize that I am approaching Jerusalem, where I shall see so many things connected with Bible history. I wonder if I shall find things as my fancy has painted them? I wonder if the Garden of Gethsemane and Mount Calvary will look as ministers have described them? I seem to be dreaming over the tour we are taking. Well, we shall see in a few days what Jerusalem looks like; whether it is as it is spoken of in the Scriptures. Oh, with what delightful emotions shall" —

"Up yet, Walt?" said Harry, opening the door of the state-room.

"Yes. I do not feel like sleeping."

"What are you doing?"

"Jotting down some thoughts."

"Hang your thoughts, Walter. Here you sit up, keeping your pen scratching over the paper all night most, and who is the wiser for it?"

"I am."

"I doubt that."

"We shall see after we get home. Writing out what we see has several advantages."

"I'd like to know what they are."

"I'll tell you. In the first place, what I write down I remember better than if I do not write. The process of writing seems to fix names, dates, distances, and such matters in my memory."

"Names and dates! — what do you want to remember them for?"

"They will be important for me at some future time."

"You may write if you will, but I won't."

"You may want to tell what you have seen after you get home, and if you have your notes, you may be able to make yourself more interesting to those with whom you converse."

"Perhaps I should write some, as I promised the old man" —

"Old man!"

"Father, I mean — that I would write a full account of all I saw."

"You should keep your promise, then."

"I can't, so there is the end of it. I was never made for a literary character."

"That is true; but what were you made for?"

"To make money."

"Why didn't you say, 'to spend it'?"

"Both, if you like."

"My father has taught me that there is a higher, grander object of life than the accumulation of money."

"Your father is odd, and too high in his notions."

"Not too high in his notions. You will find at some future time that father's high moral principle is worth more than gold."

"Oh, I wouldn't say one word against your father. I hope you didn't think so. But I mean that he is too — too — I don't know what."

"Certainly, you don't know what."

"But I feel what I am unable to express about it."

"Well, you will find that my father is a true friend and adviser."

"I know he is, Walter; but I have never been restrained much, and the notions of my father are different from the ideas in which you have been brought up. I have been allowed to be reckless in speech, and have had my own way. Father does not pay much attention to my behavior. He wants me to sow all my wild oats while I am young. So he says."

"My father says that those who sow 'wild oats,' — as you call them, — when they are young, will generally keep on wrong all through life."

"But I don't do anything bad."

"Of course not; but, Harry, if you were thrown into bad associations you might do bad things. You are reckless of consequences, and thoughtless as to what you do."

"I know it. I am very impulsive."

"Yes, you are; and Mr. Stanhope, the Superintendent of our Sabbath-School, told me once, that a boy who was impulsive ought to have double guard over his conduct, as he was in more danger of doing wrong and speaking wrong, than if he was less impulsive. And Mr. Falkner has said repeatedly" —

"Oh, get out. Mr. Falkner all the time. I don't want to hear anything about him."

"There it is again. You burst out into a flame most always."

"I can't help it. You keep quoting Falkner all the time, and it vexes me, because he has never treated me well."

"Nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense. My father says, he does not understand me, nor anybody else who is not prim and dignified, as you are."

"I have never so seen it."

"No; you are one of his pets. How he scolded me that time for showing Rose Thornton how to do her sum!"

"You were wrong, and he was right in that."

"I don't know but I was; but he should not have been so savage about it."

"He spoke sternly to you, but not savagely."

"Well, let it go now."

"I think it is time for us to go to bed now."

"I guess it is."

"Shall I say prayers before we go to sleep?"

"I have no objections, if you wish to. I never was accustomed to pray at home, but I rather like it."

"I have always been accustomed to pray to

my Heavenly Father. I should not dare lie down to sleep without committing my body and soul to my Maker."

"Yes; I somehow feel safer after you have prayed."

"I have heard it said that John Quincy Adams — who was President of the United States — up to his dying day, never went to sleep at night without repeating the 'Lord's Prayer,' and saying a little verse which his mother taught him when a child."

"What verse?"

"It is this: —

"'Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'"

Walter then bowed his knees, and offered up his evening prayer, and the two boys sought their rest.

We leave them asleep, while the huge engines working below impel the steamer towards the blessed shore of the Holy Land.

THE END.

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